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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN was a great parliamentarian, a capable if not a great statesman—and, as Mr. Attlee has justly said, a very great gentleman. He had sat continuously in the House of Commons for 45 years and had filled many Government posts. His opponents have joined with his friends in paying tribute to his high principles, his devoted public service, and the deep personal kindliness which lay behind his stiff exterior. In politics he was a sound Conservative, but the son of "Radical Joe" was not the sort of man that reaction could always count on. He not only accepted, but warmly welcomed, the Irish Treaty of 1922, and five years later, as Foreign Secretary, his liberal attitude in China shocked Die-hards and Imperialists. His resignation of the India Office in 1917 after the revelations of medical incompetence in Mesopotamia was typical of his scrupulous sense of honour, as his obstinate support of Mr. Lloyd George (against his own political interests) in the Coalition period was typical of his generous loyalty. From the Locarno days on he had devoted himself mainly to international affairs, and in that field he made some bad blunders and did some good things. No one could question his sincerity or his desire to appease the passions of Europe. He was a consistent supporter of the League of Nations, but he saw it as something to be kept within close bounds. If in the plenitude of his power he had had a larger vision and courage, he might have immeasurably strengthened the spirit and authority of the League.

The Fight for Madrid

Madrid is once more putting up a stout defence. After the first big push last week, the rebel army—or should we say the Italian army?—has been checked on the Guadalajara front. Salamanca headquarters still claim progress, though they admit that bad weather is impeding the advance. From the Government reports it would seem that the enemy are actually on the defensive. Heavy execution has been done by Government bombing planes, which are said to have created a panic among the insurgents—though that, we think, must not be taken too literally. Some of the Italians who have been taken prisoner have striking stories to tell. According to the *Times* Madrid correspondent they all agree that they enlisted for service in Africa but were sent to Cadiz, where they arrived on December 18th. They were serving in Italian units under Italian officers, who had told them they would be shot if they were captured. General Miaja has assured them that they will be decently looked after and sent home after the war.

The Non-Intervention Scandal

The Non-Intervention Committee was in trouble again on Tuesday. The Soviet Government informed the Chairman's Sub-committee that they were prepared to discuss the question of financial aid to Spain in principle, but would not discuss the assets of the Spanish Government, including the gold of the Bank of Spain. There followed a long and warm debate, which ended in nothing. The Germans and Italians then refused to discuss anything other than the general supervision scheme, and the Sub-committee adjourned *sine die*. This is the first check to the Utopian plan of withdrawing all the foreign volunteers from Spain. Other obstacles will no doubt be put up later, if necessary. The " Board of Control " meanwhile is still struggling to get the supervision scheme into operation ; the date now hoped for is March 29th. The whole tragic farce of Non-Intervention came again under fire from the Labour Party in the Commons on Wednesday night, and the demand was made that it should be made effective or put an end to without delay. What are the chances of its being made effective in face of the continued bad faith of Mussolini ? The agreement to ban volunteers—which Italy signed—came into force on February 20th. And now Mr. Eden admits that he has a report from Gibraltar of the landing of a number of men at Cadiz from an Italian ship on March 5th, a fortnight later. There have been reports of other landings also, on which the Foreign Office has " no information," though the rest of the world has a good deal.

The " Defender of Islam "

Mussolini's visit to Libya in his new self-proclaimed role of " Defender of Islam " has been a highly theatricalised affair. His entrance, after nightfall, into Tripoli was made on horseback, with an escort of 2,000 Spahis carrying torches, while incense rose from great braziers and red smoke drifted from the windows of the old Turkish castle. All in the best pantomime tradition. The real purpose of the Duce's flamboyant journey remains obscure. In a speech at Tripoli he declared that " in the Mediterranean and elsewhere we seek the collaboration of all those who have the same desire for peace as we have "—an odd remark from the head of a Government engaged in waging a large-scale war of aggression in Spain. " We are arming ourselves," he continued, " on the sea, in the air and on the earth . . . because the Italian people are desirous of being left in peace." Who threatens to attack Italy, or what nation could conceivably covet the arid soil of Libya ? The road constructed at vast expense across Libya from the frontier of Egypt to that of Tunisia is valueless save for military purposes. France is not unnaturally anxious lest the Duce's new-found enthusiasm for Islam may be the prelude to intervention in Tunis on the pretext that Moslems in that territory require to be rescued by another " civilising mission " of Italian Fascism.

Storm Clouds on the Danube

News from Central Europe suggests that Mussolini's preponderant share of the limelight is by no means to the liking of the Nazis, whose extreme elements are pressing for a *coup* on the Danube in order to bring their Fuhrer once more prominently into the picture. As a factor in Germany's designs on Austria and Czechoslovakia, the attitude of the Hungarian Government is not re-assuring. Darányi, the Premier, is less in Hitler's pocket than Gömbös was ; but there has been a strange official conspiracy of silence over the part played recently by Germany in aiding the Hungarian Fascist organisations —the Arrow-Swastika and the " M.O.V.E."—to plan, and apparently arm for, a (so far abortive) *Putsch*. In any case, Darányi's administration has definitely enrolled itself in the " anti-Communist front." Restating Hungary's claims for treaty revision, Count Bethlen recently declared in *The Hungarian Quarterly* that his country would have to wait until Germany and Italy, " by forcible means, map out new frontiers in Europe." Significantly, too, Hungarian press propaganda has recently been directed far more against Czechoslovakia than against Rumania, whose treatment of a much larger Hungarian minority is notoriously far worse than that accorded by the Czechs.

M. Blum Gets His Loan

M. Blum, recoiling for a better leap, has secured with a wide margin the first instalment of his loan. Indeed, the first response was so satisfactory that he proceeded at once to issue a second instalment, which was also promptly subscribed. By doing this he has annoyed the financiers, who had bought up large blocks of the first loan in the hope of re-selling at a profit—under the belief that the second instalment would be deferred and raised at a lower rate of interest based on the State's improving credit. M. Blum could probably have saved money by waiting ; but he wanted to have a large section of the initial loan held in the provinces, and the fact that the first instalment was bought up mainly in Paris probably affected his decision. Nor, perhaps, was he unmoved by the prospect of scoring a point off the speculative financiers. Even as things are, it seems clear that the long-deferred repatriation of French capital is now proceeding apace ; and it is to be hoped that Tuesday's serious affray in Paris, which arose out of a Croix de Feu meeting, but turned into a battle between the Left and the police, will not have dangerous repercussions. Thursday's general strike showed that feelings were still running high. An element of danger in the situation is the possibility of the extreme Left pressing M. Blum to take action against the police, which would put a heavy strain on the solidarity of the Front Populaire.

£82,500,000 for the Air Force

Sir Philip Sassoon presented the House on Monday with Air Estimates for the gigantic sum of £82,500,000 —which is £32,000,000 more than the total Estimates of 1936. Such a figure, he said, gives rise to " mingled feelings of disappointment and relief." We agree with him about the " disappointment " ; the " relief " is much more doubtful. What are the National Government going to do with these colossal armaments ? Their international policy is still one of drift, and it may presently be one of positive mischief. Ministers' lips are either sealed, or opened only to utter platitudes. It is the profound distrust of this policy, or lack of policy, that drives the Opposition to vote in protest against the Estimates for the fighting services. In their detailed criticism Labour speakers pressed several points, par-

ticularly the profiteering which is rampant and against which, they declare, no adequate precautions are taken; the undemocratic methods of recruitment, which make the officer class in the R.A.F. a public school preserve; and the need for the internationalisation of civil aviation. Sir Philip Sassoon, on his side, made much of the "shortage of skilled labour" in the engineering and building trades, which he advanced as the reason for delay in the production of aircraft. But this alleged shortage is denied by both employers and Unions in these industries; the real cause is the Government's own bad planning and lack of co-ordination.

£90,000,000 for the Army

Mr. Duff Cooper on Tuesday asked for an increase in the Army Estimates of £7,000,000. But, in fact, the total expenditure this year is to be met largely out of loan, and the actual increase on last year's Estimates will, as Mr. Lawson pointed out, be £26,000,000—or £34,000,000 if you include the £8,000,000 required for ordnance. Our gross aggregate expenditure for the three Defence services will thus reach the pretty figure of £277,685,000. It is some slight consolation to know that the War Office has at last been driven, by its difficulty in getting recruits, to introduce a number of reforms in the Army which will improve the soldier's conditions. A ration of butter is to be included in his dietary, and he is to get four meals a day instead of three. He will have barracks that are less barrack-like and fewer fatigue duties. Stoppages from his pay for uniforms and equipment will be abolished. He will have more chances of obtaining a commission, and also free training on leaving the colours for a civilian career. The announcement of these and other "concessions" made Mr. Duff Cooper a popular figure for the evening. How far they will succeed in solving his recruitment problem remains to be seen.

The Nationalisation of Schneider-Creusot

In nationalising the Schneider-Creusot establishment —or rather those sections of it which are producing munitions of war—the French Government has struck at the very citadel of industrial capitalism in France. M. Daladier, as Minister of War, was urged to take over the Creusot works as soon as the Government had received its power to nationalise war-establishments. But whereas M. Pierre Cot, at the Air Ministry, went promptly ahead with the nationalisation of aircraft factories producing war machines, M. Daladier, who represents the more moderate wing of the Radical-Socialists, hesitated much longer. At length, the success and popularity of M. Cot's measures made up his mind for him—or, perhaps, forced his hand. At all events, Creusot has been taken over, as far as it is making munitions; and it will not be difficult, now that the citadel has fallen, to capture the rest of the industry. It is interesting to note that the method used in "nationalising" the arms industry in France is not that of acquiring capitalist businesses as such, but rather of taking over particular establishments making munitions, while leaving any sections of the businesses producing other goods still in private hands. It has thus something in common with the "controlled establishments" of the British Munitions Act of 1915; but it involves public ownership and operation and not merely control. We wish we could see Mr. Baldwin—or Mr. Neville Chamberlain—going even half as far as they have gone in France towards taking the profits out of war-preparation.

The Labour Problem in the U.S.A.

The industrial struggle in the United States goes on its course. The Committee for Industrial Organisation, having won the right of collective bargaining in the steel industry, is hard at work trying to turn its partial victory over General Motors into a wider triumph in the automobile industry as a whole. In the dispute with Chrysler, which is the immediate object of attack, the negotiations have reached a state of deadlock over the C.I.O.'s demand for exclusive bargaining rights. Here again the method of the stay-in strike is being used in a number of plants; and the strikers are defying the threat of legal eviction. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court seems to be in no hurry to pronounce judgment on the Wagner Labor Relations Act and the Railroad Labor Act, which have been up before it for a considerable time. There are even rumours that the Court proposes to defer judgment until the fate of Mr. Roosevelt's proposals for reforming it is known. This legal uncertainty leaves the Administration in a difficult position; for it cannot intervene effectively if at any moment the ground may be cut away from under its feet by the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, in view of rapidly rising prices, more industrial troubles are to be expected, though a good many employers seem to be disposed to anticipate the C.I.O. by granting wage advances of their own accord, in the hope that by doing so they will be able to keep Trade Unionism out of their factories.

Mr. Strauss and the L.C.C.

Mr. Strauss, who signed the Socialist Unity Manifesto and accepted Communist help in his recent election campaign, has been deprived of his offices in the L.C.C. by the London Labour Party. We regret this decision on two grounds. In the first place, it seems to us that the Labour Party would be very unwise to proceed to disciplinary measures against the supporters of working-class unity, at any rate without making first a sincere attempt at reconciliation. We believe this because, apart from those who signed the Unity Manifesto, there are undoubtedly many discontented Labour supporters whom the expulsion, or disciplining, of Sir Stafford Cripps and his friends might throw into opposition, with serious effect on party organisation throughout the country. But there is a second reason for regretting the action taken against Mr. Strauss. So far as we can see, Mr. Strauss's quarrel with his party nationally has nothing at all to do with municipal policy, and does not in any way affect his conduct on the L.C.C. It may be argued that orders are orders, and that discipline must be observed. But would it not be wise, at any rate, to keep the field of conflict as narrow as possible, and to avoid pursuing the national differences into local affairs? It is not disputed that Mr. Strauss was a good chairman of the Highways Committee and a good vice-chairman of the Finance Committee. Surely it would have been better to strain a point, and let him get on with his jobs.

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A GERMAN MANOEUVRE

THE latest German proposals for a Western Pact have driven memory back with a jolt to the events of last year. The offensives of the Fascist Powers, some of them joint, some of them confined to a single front, move so rapidly that they obliterate each other in our recollection. We had hardly grasped the fact that Hitler had recovered the military use of the Rhineland, when Mussolini completed the discomfiture of the League in Abyssinia; within three months of that event the two Dictators had started their armed intervention in Spain. In the interval most of us had come to accept the new situation in the West as a more or less durable scaffolding. Hitler, on the plea that the Franco-Soviet Pact changed everything in Europe, had smashed the Locarno system. The British and French Governments were now bound for the first time by a fully reciprocal pledge of support against unprovoked aggression. Belgium, however, desired to modify her status by reverting to something like her pre-war neutrality; she wished to be guaranteed but would not be herself a guarantor. Italy withdrew into a congenial ambiguity; she would take no part in the deliberations either of the League or of the Locarno Powers until her conquest of Abyssinia was recognised.

These provisional diplomatic changes concealed an even more significant shift in the balance of military power. On the one hand, Britain and France were now in effect allies who had formally resumed military conversations, while they rearmed at a hot pace. On the other hand, Germany's new defensive line along the Rhine made it doubtful how far France could now at need render effective aid to her Eastern allies. At the same time Belgian neutrality tore a gap in Franco-British plans for an aerial counter-offensive. Poland, it is true, to balance these losses, recollected, after a long lapse of memory, that she has an alliance with France. Simultaneously, however, the new intimacy of Berlin with Rome became the " axis " round which the affairs of Central Europe revolved.

Seldom in a year has the face of Europe altered so much. Into this new pattern is it possible to fit a new Western Pact, a revised Locarno? The Foreign Office seemed to think so, or at least it acted as if it thought so. Its curious expedient of drafting an examination paper for Hitler to answer had no sequel and deserved to have none, for it was in form as tactless as it was inept in substance. It led, however, to a call for rigid secrecy in any future dealings. That was to miss the point of well-founded criticisms. The misfortune was not that Mr. Eden published his questionnaire; it was that he ever drafted it in this artless yet irritating form.

This time, we were told, nothing of Hitler's new proposals should be published. None the less it was known at once that the German and Italian notes were virtually identical (a significant fact in itself), and within a week the substance of them had leaked out through Paris. No democracy should tolerate secrecy in matters that may involve the lives of its young men; what is too tactless for publication had better not be written. But, once again, secrecy defeats itself; French journalism obeys no rule of Public School reticence.

The several versions of the German plan agree so closely and are so inherently probable that one may accept them, under reserve, as a sketch that calls for cautious comment. There is apparently no suggestion of any new agreement affecting the air, nor of any limitation of armaments either in the air or on land. Belgian neutrality is to be guaranteed by all the Western Powers. The League is ignored in all the new arrangements. Great Britain receives no guarantee of her security. The substance of the Western Pact is therefore merely a treaty of non-aggression between France and Germany, which Britain and Italy shall jointly guarantee. The alliances of France with her Eastern friends are explicitly accepted, subject to a novel and peculiar provision. The *casus foederis* arises only if Great Britain and Italy have jointly certified that an act of aggression has been committed.

If this should prove to be a reasonably accurate summary of the plan evolved between Berlin and Rome we need not examine it minutely, for it can have no future. No British Government could agree that its attitude in the event of hostilities breaking out either in the West or in the East should depend on its ability to view the merits of the dispute eye to eye with Mussolini. As little could the French, the Czechs or the Russians accept him as an arbiter. He is at the moment, for all practical purposes, Hitler's ally and a member of the Fascist block. In any event, the Roman cult of opportunism, not to call it *sacro egoismo*, unfits this Power for any quasi-judicial role. The Western Powers between them may have sabotaged the League, but neither of them would yet dare to deprive it in this way of its last shadow of authority.

We do not suppose that either of the Fascist Powers expected that this plan could succeed; they devised it presumably as a talking-point that can be used at home and among their friends to demonstrate their constructive enthusiasm for peace. It has, none the less, a symptomatic interest. Like every move in the Spanish game, it demonstrates the close solidarity of the two Dictators, though no one can reckon on the permanence of this relationship. Secondly, it suggests that the main purpose of German diplomacy is still to invalidate the ties that bind France to her Eastern allies. The frontal attack on the Franco-Soviet Pact failed when the Rhineland was reoccupied. Here in its place is a somewhat subtler counter-mine. Without flagrant perfidy or cowardice, if France were weary of these ties she might adopt this dodge for evading them. If and when Germany repeats the Spanish model against Czechoslovakia, the failure of Rome and London to agree promptly that a technical aggression had been committed would oblige France to watch the throttling of the Czech Republic in complete inaction, as she has watched the invasion of Spain. The dodge is too patent to succeed, but it serves to reveal the mind of Berlin.

The moral, to our mind, is clear. The moment has not yet arrived at which the democratic Powers can usefully negotiate with the Dictators. That moment will not come until they have closed their ranks, pooled their defensive resources and pledged themselves to maintain peace indivisible, in the East as in the West. Any attempt to negotiate to-day can only give rise to such manoeuvres as this, plainly designed to divide the pacific Powers, to immobilise France, and to give Hitler, with Mussolini's complicity, a free hand in the East. The root of the whole

difficulty lies in the calculated ambiguity of British policy. Nothing is clear, save that in the event of a flagrant and unprovoked aggression by Germany upon France or Belgium, these countries would have British support. That, however, is the least probable of the perils that lie ahead. The real danger is of a veiled and indirect aggression, perhaps against Czechoslovakia, perhaps against Austria, with "volunteer" forces, and without a declaration of war. If in that event France were to act, would she be entitled to British support? Whatever this country might do if the Channel coasts were actually in danger, it is highly unlikely that in such a case as this any pledge of support would be given in advance. The British Government has indicated that, save in the case of an invasion of France or the Low Countries, its attitude towards the aggressor will be determined by *ad hoc* considerations of British interests. France, therefore, dreading isolation, hesitates, and Russia awaits the signal that Paris dare not give. The result might well be a series of operations that would bring the whole of Central and Eastern Europe under German and Italian control, while the rest of us looked on, as impotent and as motionless as we have been while Spain suffered the "non-intervention" of an Italian army of 100,000 men. The insularity of British policy may frustrate every form of mutual aid and collective security in Continental Europe.

Any hopeful negotiation must have, in our opinion, a wholly different starting-point. It must begin with an all-inclusive agreement for mutual support between this country, France and the Soviet Union within the framework of the League, and on this military basis we would build an economic superstructure. Once firmly united, such a pacific block, exposed no longer to splitting manoeuvres, could negotiate as a single unit with the Fascist Powers. Its members would no longer be inhibited by fear lest concessions might be interpreted by the Dictators as a sign of weakness, and so lead to progressively extravagant demands for more. It could afford to meet their grievances, and with its superior resources could bring them to face all-round disarmament as the only prudent course.

UNIVERSITY HOOLIGANISM

THE crusade against the Jewish students at several of the Universities in Central and Eastern Europe, which has been conducted intermittently for the past fifteen years, has been intensified in recent months to such an extent as to constitute an international scandal. It is waged by anti-Semitic students, whose object is to prevent the Jews from acquiring the knowledge that would qualify them to engage in the liberal professions or to occupy positions in the service of the State or the national life of their country. It is a development in a violent and brutal form of the discrimination practised by the University authorities, with Government approval, in restricting the admission of Jews to a ratio corresponding more or less to the Jewish percentage of the general population; for even this limited quota is found excessive by the anti-Semitic section of the non-Jewish students, who seem resolved to make the quest for learning on the part of the Jews a difficult and even dangerous enterprise. Before the Nazi Revolution the Jews at the Universities in Germany, especially in Berlin, were frequently assaulted by their Nazi comrades; now there are hardly any left there to trouble about—and besides, the Nazis now have an interest in preserving public order, which they were formerly most prominent in disturbing. But thanks to the ideology which they are so assiduous and unscrupulous in propagating, the war against the Jewish students is being carried on ruthlessly in Poland, Rumania and Hungary.

During the last few months the Universities of Poland have repeatedly been the scene of disgraceful disorders, in which Jewish students have been brutally attacked by their Polish comrades belonging to the "Endek" (National Democratic) Party. In the ancient seats of learning of Cracow and Vilna, and in the more modern ones of Warsaw and Lemberg, the corridors and lecture rooms often re-echo with the cries and groans of Jewish students of both sexes, who are assaulted by bands of "Endeks" and bludgeoned into such a state that they must be taken home, or, as is often the case, to a hospital. The reason for these outbursts of hooliganism is that the "Endeks" demand that the Jews shall be segregated by sitting on the benches to the left of the lecture room, and the latter refuse to submit to this humiliation. Since the Jews are not allowed to sit on the benches on the right, and will not occupy what they call the "Ghetto benches," they are obliged to remain standing throughout the lecture or sit on the floor. The professors are powerless to maintain discipline: some of them insist upon the Jews sitting on the left or leaving the room. Both at the Warsaw and the Vilna Universities the "Endeks" tried to institute a "Jew-less" day and stationed pickets at the entrances, with the result that those Jews who succeeded in getting past were beaten up and seriously injured.

The Rectors of the Universities have unfortunately proved utterly incapable of dealing with the situation. The Principal at Cracow proposed to the Jewish students, at the request of the "Endeks," that they should agree to separate benches, but met with a firm refusal. In Vilna the Rector carried out an inquiry by ballot among all the students whether the "Ghetto" system should be introduced, and when he found that the majority were against it he resigned. In Lemberg the Rector would not hear of such a demand and declared: "We shall not return to the twelfth century." In Warsaw the Rector said to a delegation of progressive Polish students: "I am absolutely helpless against the excesses organised by the students of the University," and even while the delegation was in his room a band of "Endeks" made a demonstration outside the door and shouted anti-Semitic slogans. Professor Tadeusz Kotarbinski, of the Warsaw University, published an article in the semi-official *Kurjer Poranny*, in which he wrote:

> Every time I enter the University I am overcome by a feeling of bitterness. One of my pupils, a middle-aged lecturer, has had his skull fractured with an iron rod. Once during my lecture an Endek band rushed into the room and began attacking the Jewish students. Work at the University is being carried on in a haphazard way, and every day there are many injured among the students.

During a lecture at the Vilna University by Professor Rudnicki the "Endeks" attacked the Jews several times, whereupon the Professor asked them why they did not leave the Jews alone. They replied: "Because we are Christians," to which he retorted: "If Christ had been alive to-day he would have taken his seat with the Jews on the left side of the lecture room." It was at this institution that a Jewish student was stabbed (on February 9th) by an "Endek" comrade with a dagger, and was taken to hospital in a grave condition. Even the presence of a distinguished lecturer from a foreign country fails to act as a deterrent. During a lecture in the medical faculty of the Lemberg University by the French scientist, Professor Fabre, "Endeks" attacked a number of Jews in the most brutal manner and forced them to occupy the seats on the left, the intervention of the authorities being futile.

In the pursuit of their crusade the "Endeks" presented an ultimatum to the Rector and barricaded themselves in the University buildings in order to compel acceptance. These tactics have been adopted in Warsaw, Vilna and Cracow, so that the police had to be called in to eject the brawlers—in Warsaw with the aid of tear-gas bombs. The result has been repeated suspension of lectures and the closing of the Universities. The Jewish students, in order to make an impressive protest against their persecution, undertook a twenty-four hours' fast, but their self-imposed suffering has been in vain.

Those who have to work in laboratories and seminaries have to attend on special days, or are assigned to separate tables. The troubles of the last few months are by no means a novel feature of University life in Poland, for they have occurred in previous years too, but they have never been so outrageous, so sustained, and so widespread.

In Rumania, where Jew-baiting has afflicted the Universities much longer and more seriously than in any other part of the Continent, the disorders have lately become worse in consequence of the activity of the fanatical " Iron Guards," the local brand of Nazis. At the University of Cluj last November Jewish medical students were prevented from sitting for their examination by Fascist pickets, who were posted at the entrance to the examination building with cudgels and iron bars and allowed only Christians to pass. Jews were driven away or beaten senseless. The professors had to suspend the examination and decided to hold it at a later date under the protection of gendarmes with fixed bayonets. At the Bucarest University disorders recommenced a few weeks ago, when Jewish students, men and women, of the medical faculty were likewise beaten up by Nationalist pickets armed with heavy sticks, and a Christian student of the Liberal Party was kidnapped by four Fascist students and fearfully maltreated. So alarming did the situation become that a special Cabinet meeting was held to discuss measures for the restoration of discipline, and it was decided to abolish all students' hostels except those controlled by the University. But Government action has failed to curb the fury of the " Iron Guards." On March 1st, at night in a dark street, three students belonging to the Party attacked Professor Bratu, Dean of the Jassy University and a former President of the Senate, and attempted to cut off his head with slaughtering knives : they slashed his face and cut off his right ear, leaving him in a grave condition. Professor Bratu had recently been condemned to death by the " Iron Guard " for his determined opposition to Jew-baiting. That such an attack should have taken place only a few days after the Prime Minister, M. Tatarescu, had announced that drastic steps were being adopted to suppress Fascist terrorism has produced all the more consternation.

In Hungary the anti-Semitic student organisation some weeks ago presented a fourteen-point memorandum to the Prime Minister, Dr. Darányi, containing demands for racial legislation on Nazi principles and the creation of a Jewish " cultural Ghetto," and as he declined to receive their delegation or to consider their demands they organised disturbances at the Universities of Budapest, Pecs, and Debreczin. In the capital Jewish students were beaten up and ejected from the building. At Pecs the Rector tried to save three Jewish medical students from the rage of the Fascists by locking them in a lecture room, but a mob of a hundred students broke the door down and severely injured the helpless Jews, after which they marched against a synagogue and broke six large windows. Their rioting was rewarded by a promise from the Rector that he would ask the Senate to introduce a *numerus clausus* against the Jews in the medical and philosophical faculties.

The persecution of the Jews at all these abodes of culture is only one aspect of the anti-Semitism rampant in Central and Eastern Europe, but it is the most disquieting, for one naturally expects tolerance above all at a seat of learning. The disorders would probably never have grown to such dimensions if the police authorities had been allowed to intervene, but the Universities cling to their mediaeval right of autonomy, which prevents the police from entering except when specially summoned. This antiquated rule could easily be swept away by a Government determined to put its house in order, but the Governments apparently have other more pressing cares. Perhaps if public opinion were aroused in Western Europe and the rest of the world they might yet be moved—if not for the sake of humanity, then for the sake of their country's good name—to take effective steps to end the prolonged martyrdom of the Jewish students.

ISRAEL COHEN

A LONDON DIARY

THE second " Congress of Peace and Fellowship with the U.S.S.R.," which was held in London last Saturday, was a crowded and enthusiastic gathering. It was not an All Red affair. The star list of speakers included, besides the Soviet Ambassador, the Dean of Canterbury and a number of Labour, Liberal and Conservative M.P.s, with the Duchess of Atholl in the role of " Saul among the prophets." The discussions did not cover so wide a field as did those of last year's congress. The new Constitution, cultural developments and planning were all on the agenda ; but everyone was preoccupied with the question of war and peace, and there was no difference of opinion about the need for close co-operation between this country and Russia if peace is to be preserved. Mr. Maisky's speech made some startling headlines for the Sunday papers ; but I could find nothing sensational in it. He talked plain common sense, insisting on the necessity for " organising peace," deploring the disunity among the pacific nations and their reluctance to take risks for peace, and proclaiming the readiness of the Soviet Union to defend its territories against foreign aggression, whether from the West or from the East. It is absurd to treat this as a threat ; Russia has no designs on other people's territory. And I think that both Japan and Germany know that it is not an idle boast. It is equally absurd to call it, as some have done, a " challenge." A challenge is an invitation to fight, and the Russians most certainly do not want to fight, even though they might be confident of winning. They want, as Mr. Maisky said, a genuine system of collective security which will avert the danger of war.

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The sentence of twelve months' imprisonment passed on Hugh Phillips, an 18-year-old student of Leeds University, for an offence against the 1934 Sedition Act stinks in the nostrils of just-minded and sensible men. The facts of the case are undisputed. Having met by chance at Leeds railway station tea-room a corporal of the R.A.F., who appears to have led him on in a way that smacks of the *agent provocateur*, Phillips shortly afterwards wrote to this pillar of the Air Force a foolishly romantic, " *Vive La Révolution* " letter, suggesting that the recipient should either (*a*) fly a bomber to Spain in the Spanish Government's cause, or (*b*) persuade his whole squadron to join " us "—the red-caps behind English barricades —on the glad, but unspecified day of revolution. A glance at a photograph of the R.A.F. corporal is sufficient to indicate what the fate of that school-boy letter was bound to be. It was handed to the corporal's Wing-Commander (its contents having been " confidently expected " by its recipient) and prosecution followed. Although two professors of Leeds University testified that Phillips was a boy of great promise, full of youthful enthusiasms and apt to be carried away by impulsive sympathy for the cause of the under-dog, Mr. Justice Singleton, in passing sentence, delivered himself of one of those moral homilies which too often make the Bench the wonder and despair of the plain citizen. " An offence which strikes at the very safety of the Realm. . . . You will have time to reflect as to what might happen to someone who might be seduced by some such action as you took, and you will have time to reflect what might happen to you if you were a citizen of some other country." In Germany, no doubt, Phillips might have been beaten to death by the rubber truncheons of Hitler's S.S. men. Here he is lucky ; at the hands of British justice he gets merely twelve months (or if his conduct is good, nine months) of mental torture and degradation, with the likelihood of emerging from his experience an enemy of society. This savage sentence for a boyish political escapade, we hope and believe, will not be allowed to stand. A Realm imperilled by Hugh Phillips, son of a clergyman who fought to make the world safe for democracy, is a poor, febrile thing.

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Having passed these strictures on one judge, let us praise

others to whom praise is due. I was glad to see Mr. Justice Charles at the Leeds Assizes the other day denouncing "these ridiculous enticement actions," and Mr. Justice Swift, at Birmingham, observing that a wife is not to be treated as a chattel. "She is not a piece of furniture; you can't treat her as though she was a piano and say how much a leg did you pay for it?" And now Mr. Justice Swift has followed this with a remarkable outburst against the "wickedness and cruelty" of the divorce laws. "I wish," he said, "some of those learned ecclesiastics who have so much concern for the well-being of society would come and sit in this court. It would not be long before the divorce laws of this country were altered."

* * *

From time to time recently paragraphs have appeared in the daily press recounting the precautions which are being taken by Scotland Yard to eliminate from London on Coronation Day all "undesirable" elements, whether they be confidence tricksters liable to prey on the bill-wads of Dominion visitors or anarchists prone to enliven the procession with a home-made bomb. Told in the "twopence coloured" style of "Sapper," a police comb-out of desperadoes has a pseudo-romantic excitement about it. But there is an uglier side to the story. I have been given fully authenticated details of what appears to be a glaring instance of unjustified police inquisition into the doings and character of citizens whose record conveys no hint of intended crime. The Special Branch recently visited a well-known, highly respectable London printing works and made inquiries about an employee, known by his foreman to be a man of excellent character and reliability. The impression created by the inquiries was that X. might cause "trouble" at the Coronation. Solicitors instructed by X.'s Trade Union naturally asked Scotland Yard on what grounds and under what powers they had instituted this highly damaging inquiry, which might have led to X.'s dismissal as a man under police suspicion. To this question they received no answer. They were simply assured that the Commissioner after full inquiry was satisfied that the allegations were unfounded, and that "nobody at —— (the man's employers) was given to understand that your client was likely to indulge in terrorist action . . . at the Coronation or at any other time." Possibly not. Not even Scotland Yard may have yet become sufficiently a victim of the anarchist-complex to suspect London Trade Unionists of hatching bomb plots for Coronation Day. But a police inquiry, conducted at a worker's place of employment and creating, rightly or wrongly, the impression that the subject of the inquisition might "cause trouble" is enough to cost the victim his job. The fact that the man in this case was a Communist is clearly no excuse for any such action. The Communist Party is a legal party and is represented in Parliament. If the police are to think themselves entitled to treat its members in this way, we may presently expect them to extend their attentions to all the Opposition Parties—and not even the pinkest of pink among us will be safe.

* * *

I fell into talk the other day with an elderly laundress of my acquaintance, on the subject of the Coronation. She thought, as do many other people, that there was "a lot of silly fuss being made." "But, of course," she said, "it is only what you'd expect. The real king has dropped out, and so now they've got to do a bit extra to make the other one popular." I do not, myself, subscribe to this cynical view; but whatever the reason may be, there is no doubt about the "bit extra." And some of it has provoked not merely amusement, but annoyance. The ceremonial regulations of the Earl Marshal trouble few of us; in fact, it is a pleasant diversion to read about the peeresses' robes and the evening dress (at breakfast-time) prescribed for Trade Union leaders. Profiteering in houses and rooms on the route has been a scandal; but this cannot be laid to the charge of The Authorities, and it could be stopped or abated by a consumers' strike. There are, indeed, signs that the exorbitant prices asked have begun to come down. But there is a widespread feeling even among staunch supporters of "the king business" against some of the measures taken or projected by The Authorities. Westminster Abbey has been completely closed to worshippers as well as sightseers for some weeks past and will continue to be so for many weeks to come. Was this really necessary? And is it really necessary to remove the gateway in front of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, in order to accommodate a few dozen more spectators? This, no doubt, is a trifle, but it is significant of the passion for over-doing the thing which seems to have possessed The Authorities. There has been a sinister rumour that Kensington Gardens were going to be closed and turned into a military camp. That would indeed be a bit too extra! Kensington Gardens are not merely a playground, but the only available playground, for many thousands of children in the neighbourhood, and no coronation could be an adequate excuse for depriving them of a source of health and pleasure. Happily, however, the rumour now proves to be exaggerated. According to the official announcement in the House of Commons on Tuesday, the Gardens will be used for troops, but only for three or four days, and it is possible that they will not be closed to the public.

* * *

I hear from "Critic" that he will be back in England shortly, and hopes to write the London Diary in the issue of April 2nd.

POLYCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Frau B. Wolidge.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

When one sees the spectacle of the vast agglomeration of London and its suburbs supplied with frictionless ease by private effort with everything it needs and desires, one is staggered by the arrogance of those who believe that they could do the like by any ingenuity of planning.—From the Election Address of Sir Francis Lindley, Nat. Cons. Candidate for the Combined English Universities.

Britain has always been acknowledged to be the best and most comfortable country in the world in which to live.—National Book Association's advertisement.

Then the population of 45 will adjourn to the village hall to drink the health of the King in ale. Port wine will be supplied to those who are teetotallers, in accordance with a well-known English custom.—*Times*.

"A hell of a place is Eccles," said Councillor T. Sharrock at Eccles Town Council yesterday, indignant about Sunday restrictions in the town. And that caused the meeting to be adjourned for nearly half an hour while the Mayor pleaded with Mr. Sharrock to withdraw the word "hell." "An expression of that kind is a blot on the town," complained the Mayor. Eventually Mr. Sharrock offered to substitute the word Hades, but the Mayor was still not satisfied. So Mr. Sharrock finally withdrew unreservedly.—Daily paper.

Why don't you . . . as does Schiaparelli . . . wear violent velvet mittens with everything? Pin an enormous topaz on the lapel of your beige suit? Travel with a little raspberry-coloured Cashmere blanket to throw over yourself in hotels and trains? Why don't you use a gigantic shell instead of a bucket to ice your champagne?—*Harper's Bazaar*, March, 1937.

Leaving that aside, we know it to be untrue either that population begets prosperity or that prosperity begets population. Actually the opposite is true, though there is no reason why it should be.—*Evening News* leader.

Anyone who has looked into a dog's eyes will readily understand the action of the woman who recently called on the stationmaster at Grimsby Town Station and paid for a dog ticket which she should have taken out twenty-one years ago when she took a dog from Sutton-on-Sea to Grimsby without paying its fare.—*Glasgow Herald*.

ENTICEMENT

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

IN the art of sewing new cloth on old garments the lawyer is a very skilful person. He will find some forgotten moth-eaten law, made for mediaeval conditions but never repealed, and tack on to it a squabble or a law suit which is by all modern standards an absurdity. A seventeenth-century Act dealing with the observance of the Sabbath is suddenly remembered and a common informer starts a treasure-hunt against the man who provides some kind of entertainment on Sunday, against the printer who prints his advertisements and against the shop-keeper who exhibits them. Nobody regards the action seriously or thinks of it as anything but a legalised nuisance; but legalised it is, and a judge must take it as gravely as he would take a trial for murder. The trick has in fact been played in a murder trial, for in 1817 a man charged with murder discovered that Trial by Combat was still a legal process, and demanded the right to fight for his life. His law was sound, and as no one appeared to take up the challenge he was discharged.

Within the last few years the lawyers in the exercise of their ingenuity have revived an old type of action which is based on the long-dead theory that a wife is a chattel with a market value as clear and as ascertainable as that of a negro slave. Familiarly it is known as an action for "enticement," but in more precise language the plea is that "the defendant did unlawfully and unjustly persuade, procure and entice the wife to continue absent by means of which persuasion she did continue absent, whereby the plaintiff lost the comfort and society of his wife," and damages are claimed accordingly. In the English Law Reports and newspapers there are to be found eight such cases, most of them brought by the husband, but two of the more recent brought by the wife. Their chronology is interesting. One action dates from 1745. Then there is a gap of nearly fifty years, and between 1790 and 1800 there are two. Then comes a gap of over 100 years to 1904. Then a gap of nineteen years to 1923 and then after a shorter interval three cases within the past five years.

These three recent cases were all tried before a jury, and in each of them the plaintiff came into court with at least a reasonable prospect of winning. But the earliest known action for enticement, which concerned not a wife but a daughter, was tried without a jury and went in favour of the defendant, who convinced the judge that the initiative had not been with him. His case was that he had been a regular visitor at the house in which the lady resided and had noticed that she was taken by his conversational gifts, which were considerable. At her request, not at his suggestion, private meetings were arranged between them, and the lady was so charmed by his talk as to tell him that if he (the defendant) knew any man who was in love with her the best advice to give him would be to reproduce exactly his (the defendant's) conversation, which would be well calculated to further the suit. He (the defendant) had regarded that remark as a hint, and taking fire from her ardour had declared his passion. The case is fully reported in the *Moor of Venice* at page 1096.

In this particular action the judge's duty was simplified both by the personality of the defendant and by the slovenly way in which the plaintiff's case was prepared and presented to the court. Where the litigants are more nearly matched and counsel are engaged on both sides, the evidence is much more difficult to weigh, and the unfortunate jury has the task of deciding whether at a moment eighteen months before the hearing the gentleman kissed the lady or the lady kissed the gentleman, whether the first heart to be pierced by the arrow was male or female, whether Adam offered the apple to Eve or Eve tendered it to Adam. And it really is very difficult. If the science of wooing were less subtle than it is; if, for example, it followed the technique of dog-stealing and the plaintiff could show that the defendant had made a practice of putting aniseed in the heel of his shoe, then the jury would have something concrete to get hold of. But when it is a question of a glance from this eye or a glance from that, a sigh here or a blush there, what is a jury to do but look carefully at all the witnesses and, having decided which of them is the least repulsive, give its verdict accordingly?

Anyone who has followed the reports of these enticement cases must realise how the difficulty of producing evidence on hard fact haunts all the parties concerned, witnesses as well as counsel, and how all of them take refuge from the difficulty by trying to create the right sympathetic atmosphere. The husband is usually a plain, simple man, not especially charming but very sound, poor rather than rich in this world's goods but rich indeed, until the defendant appeared, in the affection of a devoted but unsophisticated wife and the comfort of a delightful family. With the coming of the defendant (invariably the richer man of the two) all had changed. The snake was in the grass. Every device of the practised seducer had come into play. Result: ruin. The defendant, when his turn comes, is usually even a simpler man than the plaintiff. After a lonely childhood he had gone out into the world cursed with an inferiority complex and inexpressibly shy—shy even with men, and naturally much more shy with women. Success in life had not been his. All his jobs had been poor and his income always small. His very deficiencies had appealed to the motherly instincts of the wife (who had never been happy with her husband), and to his lasting astonishment he had discovered that her affections had fixed themselves on him. The poor wife has the most thankless part of the three. She has to break down the husband's picture of her as an unsophisticated innocent and show herself as a determined vamp out-Hollywooding Hollywood. Some excuse she may perhaps claim on the ground of her husband's neglect and ill-treatment, but if she is a good witness and gives her evidence satisfactorily she will certainly be branded before the action is over as an abandoned and worthless woman—a strong point for the case which she has gone into the box to support and touching proof of her devotion to the man she loves.

In one of the recent cases there was no allegation of adultery and the plaintiff declared that he had decided to go for enticement because he could not get proof enough for divorce. But generally enticement is chosen as an alternative to divorce, and the question naturally arises why a man who has a cast-iron case for the dissolution of his marriage, and probably for damages, chooses to launch out on a lengthy, expensive and uncertain fight as plaintiff, when he could settle the whole business cheaply and certainly in an undefended divorce suit as petitioner. The generally accepted view is that the choice arises from the new law, which forbids the free reporting of divorce cases and robs the proceedings of their old publicity; and it probably is true that a man who is conscious of a great injury will sacrifice much to expose the wickedness of his enemies as widely as possible. Most of us when we go to law are determined that to the best of our power we will smother the other side in mud and limelight. But in point of publicity the suppression of divorce reports has not really made any difference to cases of this kind. If divorce were chosen in preference to enticement the suit would be undefended; and even before the passing of the Act, while the press was still free to report divorce cases as it chose, very little attention was given to the undefended list. At the best of times a note in the law list "Smith *v.* Smith and Jones" was the widest publicity that the petitioner could hope for, and in so far as the desire for publicity is the driving motive the position is the same now as it was twenty years ago.

It would be much nearer the truth to say that husbands who are anxious to get a full revenge are no longer satisfied with a divorce suit because divorce does not in most contemporary circles involve the same disgrace and the same social punishment as it carried in an earlier generation. Whereas forty years ago the greatest revenge that a husband could take on his wife was to divorce her, to-day it is not uncommon for the injured party to refuse divorce because he knows that that is exactly what his wife and her associate most

want. Divorce has ceased to be the guilty party's punishment and become the open door to her release; and the husband, smarting under a sense of intolerable grievance, looks round for some other method which will at once do her reputation the greatest amount of harm, keep her tied by a chain that she longs to break, and with reasonable luck put money into his own pocket. The answer is an action for enticement, which satisfies all his needs. Taking their cue from America, where heart-balm actions are familiar and popular dramas in the repertory of the law, English lawyers began to recommend clients to revive the old eighteenth-century practice. Its attractions to people of a certain type of mind are so obvious that the fashion will certainly gain momentum unless judges and juries are so unsympathetic to plaintiffs as to discourage it severely. It is greatly to be hoped in the public interest that they will be as unsympathetic as possible.

BEAUTIES OF UNAPPRECIATIVENESS

It is told of "Old Q" that, looking from his club window at Richmond one day, he said: "What is there to make so much of in the Thames? There it goes—flow, flow, flow—always the same. I'm tired of it!" Reading this story in "Observator's" column in the *Observer* on Sunday, I was not only amused but puzzled as to why I should be amused. "Old Q's" statement was an obvious and outrageous falsehood, since there are few things more variable than rivers under the English sky, yet it seemed to me delightful. I would not have exchanged it for a score of ecstatic epithets. The Thames itself seemed to flow more softly and to shine more brightly under the disparagement as if under a compliment.

I do not know whether anyone has ever analysed the pleasures of disparagement, but I am sure they make a very real addition to human happiness. Much as I love Rome, for example, and eager though I always am to listen to its praises, I think that one of the most delightful comments ever made on it was that of Mr. E. V. Lucas's old moneylender who, after visiting it for the first time, was asked what he thought of it, and replied: "You can *'ave* Rome." The depreciation of famous places and famous spectacles clearly appeals to the sense of humour. Oscar Wilde's confession of his disappointment in the Atlantic Ocean went round the world as one of the best jokes of the age. Having crossed the Atlantic in grey weather, I am inclined to think that Wilde may have been serious and justifiably serious. But the fact remains that his comment on the Atlantic amused people chiefly because of its tone of bored disparagement. How pleasant it is occasionally to hear someone speaking slightingly of the Alps or telling you in confidence that the Lake of Geneva seemed to him "simply like a bad picture-postcard." How agreeable to meet someone who found the Taj Mahal less impressive than the Pavilion at Brighton, or who was bored by a visit to the Pyramids!

Nor is it only disparagement of places that is enjoyable. Disparagement of people is equally so. Horace Walpole's letters would be much less charming if it were not for his gift for depreciating some of the greatest of his contemporaries—Fielding, Gibbon, Johnson and Boswell among them. Even though his contempt seems snobbish at times, it is so essential a part of his comic character that we do not judge him by ordinary standards. If he had liked his fellow-writers more, we should have actually liked him less, for he would have been less amusing. Similarly, Dr. Johnson owes his popularity, not only to his good qualities, but to his gift for speaking ill of his contemporaries. How unjust and how enjoyable was his comment on Gray: "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that makes many people think him great. He was a mechanical poet." To dismiss a poet of genius as a man who was only "dull in a new way" has always seemed to me a masterly piece of depreciation. I remember Gerald Gould asking me how one could possibly respect Dr. Johnson after reading his comment on *Gulliver's Travels*: "When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest." I doubt, however, whether our respect for great men depends on the infallibility of their judgment. If they have virtues for which we love them, are interesting, and talk in character, we are content that they should occasionally be unjust. It is an essential of the human comedy.

If one asks oneself how many of the famous disparaging remarks of the past one wishes had remained unsaid one will find that there are very few of them, from "Go up, thou baldhead!" on, that one would like to see cancelled. Greek history would be less amusing if Demosthenes and Aeschines had always paid each other compliments. We may deplore the venom of some of the critics of the past, but that is chiefly because the pain they gave their victims was far greater than any pleasure their misjudgments can give us. A sneer in a private letter by Horace Walpole may be amusing but a sneer at Keats in *Blackwood's* had all the malice of cruelty. Misjudgments are enjoyable in proportion to their incapacity to injure their victims. That is why even the tenderest-hearted can read appreciatively the depreciations of the great in the *Note-Books* of Samuel Butler. These depreciations are a kind of comic intellectual burbling, which probably never altered the opinion of a single reader. They bear no relation to the truth: they are merely, to alter the Johnsonian phrase, insulting in a new way. It is possible to be an enthusiastic admirer of Blake, Dante, Virgil and Tennyson, and yet to enjoy heartily Butler's note: "Talking it over, we agreed that Blake was no good because he learnt Italian at 60 in order to study Dante, and we knew Dante was no good because he was so fond of Virgil, and Virgil was no good because Tennyson ran him, and as for Tennyson—well, Tennyson goes without saying." This multiple disparagement has all the rich inconsequence of the "What, no soap?" monologue. Or, perhaps, as a piece of nonsense-logic, it is nearer the spirit of *Alice in Wonderland*. It is the same with Butler's opinion of Plato: "I never knew a writer yet who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable. Plato's having had seventy shies at one sentence is quite enough to explain to me why I dislike him." I am not suggesting that Butler was insincere in his dislike of style; but he was eccentric, and enjoyed being eccentric and expressing his eccentric opinions in the way most likely to annoy all who accepted traditional estimates. His role was that of comic mischief-maker. "I am," he said himself, "the *enfant terrible* of literature and science. If I cannot, and I know I cannot, get the literary and scientific bigwigs to give me a shilling, I can, and I know I can, heave bricks into the middle of them." If he had not heaved those bricks, he would have been by so much the less readable.

George Moore, again, owes part of his fame to his talent for disparagement. If he had appreciated Mr. W. B. Yeats as warmly as he appreciated A. E., how much less interesting his *Hail and Farewell* would have been! His disparagements give us much the same pleasure as brilliant caricatures. His gift for mockery was greater than his gift for praise; and it is said that his comment on the pictures even of A. E., whom he loved, was the one word, "Linoleum," just as his comment on the novels of Thomas Hardy was the one word: "Pudding." Hopelessly unjust, but perfectly in character. It is this last quality of being in character that makes even the silliest remark memorable, for most human beings—in public, at least—speak only in assumed character.

Our pleasure in disparagement, indeed, seems to me to be attributable to several causes—first, the characteristic quality of the sneer; secondly, our natural malice; thirdly, our love of the novel and unexpected; fourthly, our instinctive wish to have official eulogies spiced with the disillusioning comments of the Devil's advocate; and, fifthly, our enjoyment of clever caricature. If none of these elements of pleasure is

present, even disparagement of Shakespeare becomes boring. Cobbett's dismissal of "the punning and smutty Shakespeare" is good because it is in character. Mr. Shaw's attacks on Shakespeare were equally good, not only because of their novelty, but because they were burlesques written by an *enfant terrible* of genius. Mr. Shaw, like Butler, heaved bricks, and, if he did not hit Shakespeare with any of them, he hit a good many pedantic worshippers of Shakespeare—which at the time was excellent fun.

When de-bunking became a convention, however, as it did in our own day, how its charms faded! Not only did it lose the grace of novelty, but it became an expression, not of character but of a fashionable tendency of the hour. I have read a good many disparagements of men of genius in recent years—Milton and Lamb and others—and most of them seemed to me to be the products of a gloomy literary atheism—the work of men who took a positive pleasure in not being able to enjoy what other people enjoyed. The *enfant terrible* or the Devil's advocate attracts us largely by his rarity. When *enfants terribles* and Devil's advocates multiply they cease to be funny, and we have to take them seriously as symptoms of an intellectual disease. The moneylender's opinion of Rome is enjoyable only on the understanding that the rest of us do not share it. "Old Q's" opinion of the Thames is enjoyable only because, fundamentally, the joke is at the expense of "Old Q," much more than it is at the expense of the Thames. If we believed that his disparagement of the river would influence other people to such an extent that they too would cease to take pleasure in the lovely view from Richmond, we should feel indignant and denounce him as a perverter of the truth. As it is, his comment seems to us perfect as the speech of an eccentric, a *poseur*, a character, and a rake about town. There is something even beautiful in unappreciativeness so sweeping and so original as this.

Y. Y.

ARE ITALY AND GERMANY AT WAR WITH SPAIN?

CHARGES have been made by the Spanish Government that German and Italian troops are now fighting in Spain. The Spanish Government allege that these troops are composed of regular detachments from the German and Italian armies and that they fight organised as such. These allegations are supported in detail and, in the absence of any adequate denial from the two countries charged, it can be said that there is a prima facie case that organised units of the German and Italian armies are now fighting against the Spanish Government. Does this amount to war by Germany and Italy against Spain?

The question is of the greatest importance. Making war under such conditions would, of course, amount to a breach of the Covenant of the League and of the Pact of Paris; but the question is even more fundamental than that.

If Italy and Germany are at war with Spain, then under Public International Law the other members of the Non-intervention Committee cannot continue to treat these two States as neutrals by co-operating with them in the Committee. Co-operation in these circumstances would not only be a tacit repudiation of the Covenant and of the Pact of Paris; it would be a complete denial of the laws of neutrality, the building of which has been one of the main achievements of Public International Law during the last two centuries.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, the matter has a further and even more urgent importance. In questions of war and peace the United Kingdom acts not for itself alone but for the British Empire. The theory of common allegiance to the Crown upon which the link of the Empire depends itself makes it legally impossible for Dominion Governments to remain neutral when the United Kingdom goes to war, unless they take the extreme step of seceding. For example, the Locarno Treaty expressly provided that the Dominion Governments undertook no obligations under it. Nevertheless, in the words of Professor Keith, "If the United Kingdom had to proceed to warlike measures to safeguard France, Belgium or Germany from unjust attack, the Dominions would be placed in a position of war as against the aggressor. . . ." Likewise it is difficult to see how Great Britain could undertake the duties of neutrality towards Germany and Italy without by such a step legally committing the Dominion Governments to similar action. As, therefore, any question of peace or war must involve the Empire as a unit, if a situation arises in which the possibility of war is envisaged, the spirit of the Imperial Constitution demands that the Dominions shall be immediately consulted. Up till now this has been the invariable practice. For example, the Empire was consulted before the signing of the Washington Treaty in 1922 and the Treaty of London in 1930. When the Pact of Paris was proposed, the British Government refused to give any indication of their attitude until they had consulted the Dominions. The General Act of 1928 for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes was delayed until 1930 for approval at the Imperial Conference. In short, both the theory and the practice of the Imperial Constitution require that the British Government shall only act in any matter which directly or indirectly affects war in consultation with the Dominion Governments. The Italian and German action in Spain, if it amounts to war, is therefore clearly a matter which must be dealt with at once and by the British Empire as a whole.

War can take place though one party to it refuses to acknowledge its existence. Thus at the beginning of the Napoleonic Wars Portugal was most unwilling, despite repeated attacks on her by France, to admit that the situation amounted to war. In these circumstances a question arose in the Admiralty Court in England as to whether war existed, and Lord Stowell thus defined the law:

> In cases of this kind it is by no means necessary that both countries should declare war. Whatever might be the prostration and the submissive demeanour on one side, if France was unwilling to accept that submission and persisted in attacking Portugal, it was sufficient.

It is immaterial, therefore, so far as third parties are concerned, that the Spanish Government have not treated the German and Italian aggression as a declaration of war by these two countries, nor does it affect the legal position that Germany and Italy do not themselves admit that they are at war. "It is certain," says a leading authority on International Law, "that States which deliberately order the commencement of hostilities without a previous declaration of war or a qualified ultimatum commit an international delinquency; but they are nevertheless at war. . . . Neutral powers must . . . even without notification fulfil the duties of neutrality if they are unmistakably aware of the outbreak of war."

Professor McNair in a paper read before the Grotius Society laid down certain practical rules for determining when a state of war in fact existed though there had been no actual declaration of war. The matter is one of some difficulty, because there can occur acts of war which do not themselves amount to war. The extreme example of this was provided by the march of the allied armed forces upon Peking in 1900, which has been held not to amount to war. A test suggested by Professor McNair is whether the action of the aggressor power is done *animo belligerendi*. The German and Italian Governments, now alleged to be intervening in Spain, do not claim, as did the Powers in China in 1900, to be undertaking reprisals or to be enforcing specific demands. If German and Italian troops are in fact in Spain, their only purpose there can be to assist General Franco to overthrow the Spanish Government. Such an object, if carried out by armed force, must imply a warlike intention. If Professor McNair's definition is accepted, and if, as the Spanish Government allege, there are in fact German and Italian troops in Spain, a duty of neutrality is imposed upon all other Powers, and the Government of the United Kingdom are under an immediate obligation to consult the Dominion Governments to evolve a common policy.

BARRISTER

Correspondence

LABOUR'S FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—In your article on "Labour's Short Programme" you say: "Over foreign affairs there is a wide gap between the Left's desire for a pact to defend Socialism and democracy against Fascism, and the Labour Right's unwillingness to commit itself to any sort of Communist alliance. This, far more than any matter of domestic policy, really holds the rival factions of the working-class movement apart."

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But much remains to be done. Less than half the school children are getting the cheap milk, and the provision made for free school meals and for free milk for mothers and children under school age is still hopelessly inadequate in relation to the need; and unemployment insurance and assistance scales still fall below the requirements of healthy living in families where there are dependent children.

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The Children's Minimum Council,
72 Horseferry Road,
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SIR,—Leaders of the protests against tyranny in Europe might profitably be reminded from time to time that one of our own Governments is not to be outdone in suppressing any action of workers to improve their conditions.

Several strikes have occurred in Bengal recently in sympathy with men harshly dismissed. The courage shown by the thousands of employees, on strike for over three weeks with no savings behind them, selling their household goods to keep alive, is moving and pathetic since the authorities confuse it with political disaffection, and have sent large numbers of extra police and troops to the areas. Along the west bank of the Hooghly, where

present, even disparagement of Shakespeare becomes boring. Cobbett's dismissal of "the punning and smutty Shakespeare" is good because it is in character. Mr. Shaw's attacks on Shakespeare were equally good, not only because of their novelty, but because they were burlesques written by an *enfant terrible* of genius. Mr. Shaw, like Butler, heaved bricks, and, if he did not hit Shakespeare with any of them, he hit a good many pedantic worshippers of Shakespeare—which at the time was excellent fun.

When de-bunking became a convention, however, as it did in our own day, how its charms faded! Not only did it lose the grace of novelty, but it became an expression, not of character but of a fashionable tendency of the hour. I have read a good many disparagements of men of genius in recent years—Milton and Lamb and others—and most of them seemed to me to be the products of a gloomy literary atheism—the work of men who took a positive pleasure in not being able to enjoy what other people enjoyed. The *enfant terrible* or the Devil's advocate attracts us largely by his rarity. When *enfants terribles* and Devil's advocates multiply they cease to be funny, and we have to take them seriously as symptoms of an intellectual disease. The moneylender's opinion of Rome is enjoyable only on the understanding that the rest of us do not share it. "Old Q's" opinion of the Thames is enjoyable only because, fundamentally, the joke is at the expense of "Old Q," much more than it is at the expense of the Thames. If we believed that his disparagement of the river would influence other people to such an extent that they too would cease to take pleasure in the lovely view from Richmond, we should feel indignant and denounce him as a perverter of the truth. As it is, his comment seems to us perfect as the speech of an eccentric, a *poseur*, a character, and a rake about town. There is something even beautiful in unappreciativeness so sweeping and so original as this.

Y. Y.

ARE ITALY AND GERMANY AT WAR WITH SPAIN?

CHARGES have been made by the Spanish Government that German and Italian troops are now fighting in Spain. The Spanish Government allege that these troops are composed of regular detachments from the German and Italian armies and that they fight organised as such. These allegations are supported in detail and, in the absence of any adequate denial from the two countries charged, it can be said that there is a prima facie case that organised units of the German and Italian armies are now fighting against the Spanish Government. Does this amount to war by Germany and Italy against Spain?

The question is of the greatest importance. Making war under such conditions would, of course, amount to a breach of the Covenant of the League and of the Pact of Paris; but the question is even more fundamental than that.

If Italy and Germany are at war with Spain, then under Public International Law the other members of the Non-intervention Committee cannot continue to treat these two States as neutrals by co-operating with them in the Committee. Co-operation in these circumstances would not only be a tacit repudiation of the Covenant and of the Pact of Paris; it would be a complete denial of the laws of neutrality, the building of which has been one of the main achievements of Public International Law during the last two centuries.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, the matter has a further and even more urgent importance. In questions of war and peace the United Kingdom acts not for itself alone but for the British Empire. The theory of common allegiance to the Crown upon which the link of the Empire depends itself makes it legally impossible for Dominion Governments to remain neutral when the United Kingdom goes to war, unless they take the extreme step of seceding. For example, the Locarno Treaty expressly provided that the Dominion Governments undertook no obligations under it. Nevertheless, in the words of Professor Keith, "If the United Kingdom had to proceed to warlike measures to safeguard France, Belgium or Germany from unjust attack, the Dominions would be placed in a position of war as against the aggressor. . . ." Likewise it is difficult to see how Great Britain could undertake the duties of neutrality towards Germany and Italy without by such a step legally committing the Dominion Governments to similar action. As, therefore, any question of peace or war must involve the Empire as a unit, if a situation arises in which the possibility of war is envisaged, the spirit of the Imperial Constitution demands that the Dominions shall be immediately consulted. Up till now this has been the invariable practice. For example, the Empire was consulted before the signing of the Washington Treaty in 1922 and the Treaty of London in 1930. When the Pact of Paris was proposed, the British Government refused to give any indication of their attitude until they had consulted the Dominions. The General Act of 1928 for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes was delayed until 1930 for approval at the Imperial Conference. In short, both the theory and the practice of the Imperial Constitution require that the British Government shall only act in any matter which directly or indirectly affects war in consultation with the Dominion Governments. The Italian and German action in Spain, if it amounts to war, is therefore clearly a matter which must be dealt with at once and by the British Empire as a whole.

War can take place though one party to it refuses to acknowledge its existence. Thus at the beginning of the Napoleonic Wars Portugal was most unwilling, despite repeated attacks on her by France, to admit that the situation amounted to war. In these circumstances a question arose in the Admiralty Court in England as to whether war existed, and Lord Stowell thus defined the law:

> In cases of this kind it is by no means necessary that both countries should declare war. Whatever might be the prostration and the submissive demeanour on one side, if France was unwilling to accept that submission and persisted in attacking Portugal, it was sufficient.

It is immaterial, therefore, so far as third parties are concerned, that the Spanish Government have not treated the German and Italian aggression as a declaration of war by these two countries, nor does it affect the legal position that Germany and Italy do not themselves admit that they are at war. "It is certain," says a leading authority on International Law, "that States which deliberately order the commencement of hostilities without a previous declaration of war or a qualified ultimatum commit an international delinquency; but they are nevertheless at war. . . . Neutral powers must . . . even without notification fulfil the duties of neutrality if they are unmistakably aware of the outbreak of war."

Professor McNair in a paper read before the Grotius Society laid down certain practical rules for determining when a state of war in fact existed though there had been no actual declaration of war. The matter is one of some difficulty, because there can occur acts of war which do not themselves amount to war. The extreme example of this was provided by the march of the allied armed forces upon Peking in 1900, which has been held not to amount to war. A test suggested by Professor McNair is whether the action of the aggressor power is done *animo belligerendi*. The German and Italian Governments, now alleged to be intervening in Spain, do not claim, as did the Powers in China in 1900, to be undertaking reprisals or to be enforcing specific demands. If German and Italian troops are in fact in Spain, their only purpose there can be to assist General Franco to overthrow the Spanish Government. Such an object, if carried out by armed force, must imply a warlike intention. If Professor McNair's definition is accepted, and if, as the Spanish Government allege, there are in fact German and Italian troops in Spain, a duty of neutrality is imposed upon all other Powers, and the Government of the United Kingdom are under an immediate obligation to consult the Dominion Governments to evolve a common policy.

BARRISTER

Correspondence

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over 20,000 men have been out, meetings over five people have been banned and many labour leaders in Calcutta have been stopped from entering the district.

Near Barrackpore, up the river, eight men have been "held in custody" because they encouraged a short strike of cotton workers against wrongful dismissal, and "in order," says the Sub-Divisional Officer, "to prevent them from doing any wrongful act that might occasion a breach of the peace."

Four other men have been sentenced to six or twelve months' rigorous imprisonment for abetting jute-mill strikers to stay in their own coolie lines. The judge, in dismissing their appeal, contended that the coolies, although paying rent, were "not tenants, but mere licensees, and when they refused to work they were liable to be ejected without notice. There could be no doubt that they remained on the property with intent to cause the mill authorities to increase their rates of pay, and their object was, in fact, to intimidate the authorities."

The largest strike in Howrath has just collapsed after 25 days with no result beyond an assurance against victimisation. The labour leaders had reached some sort of agreement with the millowners, but the latter suddenly refused to put the terms into writing. The workers withdrew everything and went quietly back to the factories.

Perhaps facts like this give our Government some excuse for continuing to hold India.

MAURICE DRAPER

La Martiniere College, Calcutta.

THE LEEDS CASE

SIR,—It is difficult to comment with restraint on the stupidity and savagery of the sentence passed on the boy Phillips for "endeavouring to seduce a member of His Majesty's forces from his duty of allegiance." Would not a term of Probation have adequately met the case, or does the allegiance of this country rest on so insecure a foundation that it must be bolstered up by turning idealistic and high-spirited youths into gaol-birds? Surely this is a case where the allegiance of all decent people would be assured by the King's exercise of his prerogative of mercy. Otherwise there are those who will only be able to see, under the hoofs of the glittering coronation procession, the white faces of boys like Hugh Phillips.

AUSTIN LEE

Pampisford Vicarage, Cambs.

DEMOCRACY AND THE MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT

SIR,—The admirable and timely survey of the *Report of the President's Committee on Administrative Management* which appeared in your issue of March 6th, is misleading in one interesting particular. Dr. W. A. Robson suggests that English experience would not support the preference shown by the report for a single head official as opposed to a Board. "The Post Office, for instance, has been far more successful since a functional Board replaced the permanent secretary."

The proposal of the Bridgman Report on the organisation of the Post Office and, to the best of the writer's information, the changes which are now taking place as the result of that report, were not intended to, and do not, reduce in any way the executive powers of the permanent head of what is the largest single business enterprise in the country. The permanent secretary has been replaced by a Director-General. This official and the Postmaster-General are advised in the management of the Post Office by a functional Board composed of the principal technical officials . . . Chief Engineer, Chief Accountant, etc. The large number of districts into which Great Britain was divided for postal administration is being reduced to seven or eight.

That is to say, both at the centre and at the circumference a greater measure of "energy, direction and administrative management" are being introduced, precisely along the lines recommended in the Report of the President's Committee, namely, by making the individual heads, whether of the Post Office as a whole or of its various districts, carry a more direct personal responsibility for efficiency. The point of the functional council was not to dissipate the responsibility of the principal permanent official, but to accelerate business by placing under his direct leadership the men most likely to be in touch with modern developments. Previously the leading functional officials had communicated with the permanent secretary and with the districts through the Secretariat which was not notably free from bureaucratic inhibitions.

The improvement which has taken place in the Post Office service under these arrangements, which are still far from complete, is not without significance in relation to Dr. Robson's statement that "our own governmental organisation is in need of overhaul." The recommendations of the Bridgman Report were based avowedly on the best modern business practice. As the late Miss M. P. Follett indicated many times, business management affords a field of experiment which may prove of fundamental importance to our ideas as to the conduct of government. The Report of the President's Committee is influenced in almost every line by the widespread studies of business management which have developed in the United States following on the work of F. W. Taylor and the pioneers of the Scientific Management movement.

In this country the scientific attitude towards problems of administration has made little headway among civil servants. Their outlook is still fundamentally political or professional. Such attention as has been directed towards scientific methods of management has been inspired with the idea that they are concerned with details, the better use of office machinery or improved lighting for typists. There has been little appreciation of the fact that the philosophy underlying F. W. Taylor's work is even more applicable to broad questions of organisation—the correct distribution of functions, responsibility and authority if the business of government is to be conducted as effectively as it should be.

Unfortunately, Taylor's work has become associated in the minds of the workers with various "systems" applied by his imitators, and often applied ruthlessly and without insight. In a capitalist society any advance in knowledge, any improvement in the technique of control, *may* be used for exploitation. A Labour Government is therefore likely to be apprehensive of the sources of knowledge as to how the machinery of government may be made more effective. A Conservative Government is likely to rest very well content with things as they are: the superlative excellence of the civil service is one of Mr. Baldwin's favourite themes.

The implications underlying Dr. Robson's article are, nevertheless, inescapable. For those who believe in the principles underlying democratic government, the only hope is that democratic government should adapt its machinery, and particularly its executive machinery, to modern requirements. In this connection it is facing exactly the same imperatives which have compelled the most modern business administrations to reorganise completely. The volume of specialised knowledge, and the necessity of making that knowledge effective in the conduct of affairs, have made both the government of business and the business of government infinitely more complex than ever before. The difficulties in co-ordination thus created can only be overcome by improvements in our methods of organisation.

Unless the research necessary to such improvements is developed and the results are implemented vigorously, despite every form of vested interest involved, democracy will perish.

Farnham Court, L. URWICK
Farnham Royal, Bucks.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

SIR,—Your reviewer of Thomas Sharp's *English Panorama* seems to be as ignorant of the significance of Howard's garden city idea as Mr. Sharp himself, for he refers to "the fearful conception of 'Town-Country' enthusiastically advocated by Ebenezer Howard in *Tomorrow*, 1898." He does not know that Howard's enthusiasm was for the small compact town, which was normal in England until the expansion of the nineteenth century, and that Howard's idea was for new small towns to be built in rural districts as an alternative to the unchecked growth of large urban agglomerations accompanied by the depopulation of the countryside. Howard's proposal, worked out in diagrammatic form, which was laughed at by people without imagination, was one of the most valuable sociological proposals of the last generation, and it had a sound economic basis in improved land values. Had Howard been listened to, the face of England would be very different from what it is to-day. His proposal was given lip-service but practically ignored as having no immediate political or professional value, and various perversions of it such as town-planning, garden suburbs, twelve houses to the acre, green belts, and so forth were made popular.

Mr. Sharp protests against the modern practice of town-planning, the devastation of the countryside by land and building

speculators, and the neglect of agricultural life, but he has no alternative to offer. Those who believe in Howard's idea also protest against these evils, but in the garden city they have a practicable proposal for the orderly development of great cities, limiting their size and providing for their extension in the form of "satellites" as semi-independent, compact, attractive towns. This is the alternative to ribbon development, garden suburbs, and the dreary and endless building on to outskirts of our great towns. Howard's proposals for the building of new towns (exemplified at Letchworth and Welwyn) have still to be accepted as of the first importance for the future of this country.

36 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. C. B. PURDOM

UNAMUNO

SIR,—Among the reports which aroused most comment, both in Spain and abroad, during the first days of the revolt, was that Don Miguel de Unamuno, the great Liberal philosopher, should have given his support to the rebellion. To all who knew his history as an enemy of militarism, exiled by General Primo de Rivera, restored to his Chair at the University of Salamanca on the fall of the dictator, honoured and venerated by the Republic, his action seemed inexplicable.

There were rumours of threats and compulsion. But many of us knew that he was capable of facing a firing-squad with the utmost dignity. He was a Spaniard of the finest kind, of the same stock as the Senecas and the Quevedos. If he advocated the rebellion it was because he believed it would benefit Spain. Moreover, his mind and his philosophy held an element of contradiction which had often made him exclaim: "I have a Carlist and a Liberal struggling inside me." Is it strange that, though previously the Liberal had always conquered, the Carlist in Unamuno should come uppermost for just a moment?

But the days and weeks go by. His friends and disciples, whom he believed murdered by the "Reds," begin to declare their support of the cause of liberty. What had been represented to him as a national rising degenerates in a war in which Moors come to fight for our religion and Nazis for our culture. He sees the shooting of Professor Salvador Vila, his close friend. On October 30th it was reported that Unamuno had been deprived of the Rectorship of the University. On December 31st he died.

A long time must pass before the literary historian can reconstruct the tragedy of Unamuno's last days. It is said that the reason for his dismissal lay in an address which he gave at the University on October 12th and in which he extolled, in the teeth of the rebel hatred of Catalans and Basques, the contribution of these regions to the Spanish culture. In a statement given to the Lisbon paper, *Diario de Noticias*, a few weeks before his death, he says, speaking of the Germans in Salamanca: "They act on Spanish soil as if it were their own. The sight of them in Spain is enough to kill me." To the correspondent of *Vers l'Avenir*, a Catholic newspaper from Namur, he explained the change in his attitude after he had supported the insurgents: "But time has passed. I have seen more excesses. . . . Crimes, vengeances and summary executions are rife, not here in Salamanca, but, for instance, in Valladolid and other more distant places where force is supreme."

To-day Unamuno's legend is beginning to take shape in Spain. They say—with what foundation of truth I do not know—that before his death he wrote his political testament, in which he reaffirms his belief in democracy and his hatred of tyranny. This testament has been hidden so that it may not be destroyed by the insurgents. There is talk of a mysterious message to his friends, a message which was learnt by heart by a woman student of the University and recited over the French frontier. To Unamuno is attributed a saying against General Franco which has become famous all through Spain: "To conquer does not mean to convince." ENRIQUE MORENO

26 Victoria Road, Oxford.

DOCTORS NEW AND OLD

SIR,—I don't quite see from his letter on what grounds Dr. Harding objects to my statement that "nearly all present-day practice is based on empiricism." Of course, as I stated in my article, there are exceptions; but these form but a minute percentage of "all." I was specifically speaking of "everyday medical practice"—that is, the service meted out ninety-nine times out of a hundred to patients who consult the doctor. Dr. Harding quotes, in refutation of my thesis, "the use made by the profession of the discoveries of the chemists and pathologists of the action of para-amino benzene sulphonamide in the treatment of streptococcal infections." How many practitioners in the whole of this country does Dr. Harding imagine have ever employed sulphonamide or prontosil in the treatment of streptococcal infections? In the current number of *The Lancet* is a letter from the distinguished surgeon, Mr. T. B. Layton, in the course of which he says that, until he read an article in *The Lancet* of December 5th last, he had never even heard of these drugs.

This question is scarcely relevant to the issue, but is not Dr. Harding a little premature in accepting quite so uncritically the therapeutic claims which have been made for these drugs? That they are interesting and promising, I agree, but I would suggest that super-optimists would be wise to read the article by Drs. Long and Bliss of the Johns Hopkins Medical School in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of January 2nd last. Personally, I think that a certain time-lag between the discovery and the application of new laboratory knowledge is not entirely an evil thing. HARRY ROBERTS

63 Harford Street, Stepney, E.1.

CORNFORD-MACLAURIN FUND

SIR,—I believe it will be of interest to your readers to know that the sum of money raised in the name of John Cornford and G. C. Maclaurin, the two Cambridge men who have been killed while in the ranks of the International Brigade at Madrid, now amounts to £730. As this has been given in only a little over three weeks, it seems reasonable to aim at £1,500, and I would therefore beg those of your readers who have not yet done so to forward me their contributions as soon as possible, earmarked either for the International Brigade, the British Medical Units, the Food Ship Organisation or the Brigade Dependents.

Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. JOSEPH NEEDHAM, Hon. Treas. Cornford and Maclaurin Fund

SPANISH AID

SIR,—On every occasion that we fail to do what we can to help the people of Spain, whenever we fail to do it in time, we are helping to pave a Spanish hell with British good intentions—to match that of Abyssinia of 1936.

The time for mere gestures has passed. Will not the T.U.C. therefore consider a public appeal for voluntary labour to make all those necessities the despatch of which to Spain is not prohibited? The plant of the Co-operative organisations and of some sympathetic employers could probably be readily secured.

The British contribution to the International Solidarity Fund now amounts to £28,000: a good effort, but insufficient materially to lessen the misery of the Spanish people. The main asset of the labour movement is not its money, but its labour. If the T.U.C., with all its influence, succeeded in securing from the whole country the work (on Saturday afternoons, for example) of only 10,000 to 12,000 men and women it would be a contribution worth, in money, about £250,000 to £300,000 a year, i.e., ten times what the T.U.C. has so far contributed. And if the same policy were followed in other democratic countries, the contribution might be enough to make a noticeable difference to the fate of the Spanish people. GEOFFREY PYKE

32, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

SIR,—As the text of *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins, including his Correspondence with Coventry Patmore* (Vol. III of his letters) is now nearly ready for the printer, I should be grateful if you would allow me to ask those who may have letters from Hopkins among their family papers, to make some search for them. Letters written to several of his school and college friends seem to have disappeared, but no doubt many are merely waiting to be found. There is also one letter from Hopkins to Coventry Patmore that I cannot trace and am particularly anxious to print—a long letter of 7th November, 1886, written from Dublin. It is included in the "Catalogue of the Library of Coventry Patmore" issued by Everard Meynell, the Serendipity Shop, 1921, but it is absent from the Catalogue (N.D.) of Everard Meynell's collection of books and documents offered for sale after his death by Messrs. J. and E. Bumpus, though the other letters from

Hopkins to Patmore are to be found there. Presumably it was sold; and neither Mr. Francis Meynell nor Mr. J. G. Wilson of Messrs. Bumpus can help me to trace the purchaser. If the owner could allow me to copy and print it, I should be very glad.

The Castle, C. COLLEER ABBOTT
University College,
Durham.

MUSEUMS

SIR,—With reference to the article in your issue of the 13th instant regarding Museums, I agree with your correspondent that it is a great reflection upon this country that practically alone of all the great Nations, we do not own a single Planetarium. A short time ago I was in Stockholm and had a very thrilling experience at the demonstration of the Planetarium in that city. I was informed that it was erected at the time of the Stockholm Exhibition, I think in 1931, and paid for itself in the first year and has since been a source of revenue.

I suggest that if the Royal Astronomical Society cannot erect a Planetarium in this country, perhaps our enlightened London County Council could do so. Failing that, could not some enterprising West End "House of Business" erect one, perhaps on the roof of the store. This would be a great source of attraction to the youth of the country and potential customers.

25 Bede House, GRAHAM W. BURGESS
Manor Fields,
Putney, S.W.15.

S. E. RASMUSSEN

SIR,—I don't object to anything in Mr. G. W. Stonier's fine review of S. E. Rasmussen's *London the Unique City* except his statement that the author is a Swedish architect. I sometimes feel that Englishmen consider Scandinavian people as one curiously mixed group, without distinction of countries. Nevertheless, S. E. Rasmussen is a Danish architect. His book was first published in 1934 by Gyldendal, Copenhagen. ERIK LASSEN

Copenhagen.

"CHINESE JADE THROUGHOUT THE AGES"

SIR,—The anonymous writer who comments on my book in your issue of March 13th, has permitted himself to make so voluminous a series of unsupported assertions that it would be useless to follow him. I should like to point out, however, that when he criticises dates he is in many cases in conflict not only with me but with the best authorities, including those of the recent Chinese Art Exhibition held at the Royal Academy. I think most people will prefer to err with these rather than agree with the unsupported invective of your anonymous reviewer.

Red Roofs, Coombe Lane, STANLEY CHARLES NOTT
Kingston Hill, Surrey.

SLIPSHOD ENGLISH

SIR,—Despite an unwillingness to appear a *laudator temporis acti* or intolerant of human error, there are times when one is forced by sheer exasperation to protest against present-day slackness in writing and in speech. On one and the same day I have encountered the following abominable examples:

(1) Lord Macmillan describes electrical engineers as "the modern prototypes of the old alchemists."

(2) A morning paper correspondent writes of "this sad phenomena."

(3) An apparently educated man in my hearing speaks of "a strata."

(4) A novelist uses "kudos" as a plural noun.

The misuse of "prototype" nowadays is almost as common as its correct usage. "Phenomena" as a singular noun I should have regarded as an isolated solecism, had I not already gasped in horror on reading, "To rub down each phenomena," in the latest book by one of my chief literary idols—Rebecca West to wit! "A strata" is quite frequently heard, and "this data" appears ever and anon in technical publications. But what the novelist thought a "kudo" was I am at a loss to imagine; possibly he supposed it to be a coin, like the Portuguese escudo.

And what are we to say of contemporary novelists' grammar? Their misuse of relative pronouns is almost universal, nor are they above packing two errors into one sentence. I have just laid down a volume by a very popular writer in which the following choice example appears: "About twelve years older than her, it had seemed, and, so far as I know, had proved an ideal marriage."

As a septuagenarian, I make bold to say that the "Queen's English" was held in higher respect in my young days than the "King's English" has ever been. CHARLES L. FREESTON

Etwall, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Miscellany

SEA-MUSIC

ARE there sounds in the sea
Fifty fathom deep?
No, there is not a sigh
There, but like sheep
Valley-wandering on the mountain-side
Soft as the wool of sleep collide
Sister-sounding streams
In dumb clash of dreams.

There, where 'tis all light,
Jewel-boundaried, cool,
Nothing is dark or bright
There is no sound at all;
Running water is not heard,
Stone-babble, beak of bird,
Wing-dip or trout-streak
In water pool or fall

Inter-winding, never-ending
Over-toppling, under-lapping
In foamless motion
Without crest-crossing
Or opaque white-tossing
Of billowless shadows
Thro' fish-eyed meadows
Flows the pasturing ocean.

Yet, there is music there,
Music the flounders hear,
Music lapping the ear
Of the sea-anemone;
Music that flows around
Silence deep-fringed with sound,
Music whose still bright curl
Sleeps in the oyster pearl.

What is the song of those
Fin-waving passengers?
Silent they rest afloat
Eyes lidless, lives remote
Sending no messengers:
I hear that finny song
Slip like a dream along
Into my heart it goes.

Strange is the thing it tells,
Lovely and small,
How a god once did dwell
In the sea's hall
How his harp hanging there
Now he is gone
Strung with his rainbow hair
Weeps all alone.

Cold is the grief that flows
Thro' the wide sea,
Wordless its bloodless woes,
Windless those hills where blows
No hope to be:
But there the living tone
Of the Unseen, Unknown
Is heard by me.

W. J. TURNER

I MEET TOM MOONEY!

[On March 16th the California State Senate rejected by 34 votes to 5, a resolution—adopted by 45 votes to 28 in the State Legislative Assembly—recommending a pardon for Thomas J. Mooney, U.S. Labour leader, who has been in prison for 18 years for a negative participation in a bomb outrage at San Francisco. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MEETING Tom Mooney was as easy as meeting a Trade Union official—and easier than meeting most. I simply walked into the San Francisco County Jail, rang the bell, and awaited results. They came, in the shape of a beaming little Scotsman who peered at me through the bulging grille of what looked like the breasts of the Iron Lady. "And what are you wanting?" he asked kindly. "To see Tom Mooney," I replied. "Then you've come to the right place. He's still at home." If that is your sense of humour, I thought, I would not like you for a warder—and told him so. "All right," said he, "If you want to see Mooney come right inside. But what do you want to see him about, and where are you from? And save your wisecracks till you've got what you ask for. It's a good policy."

That was my introduction. A sarcastic little Scotsman who made feeble jokes through an iron grille, asked questions without wanting an answer, and ushered me into prison without formality and in seeming contravention of all the rules. I had visualised being searched for drugs, guns, seditious literature (after all this *was* California), files, and smuggled letters. But it was Mooney I wanted to see, and this made all the difference. "No. We don't want to search you. Why should we? Tom doesn't want to escape. He could get out to-morrow if he'd take a parole. But he won't. He wants vindication, and I don't blame him."

Faith, I thought. This is a strange sort of jail! Even the warders seem to respect their most notorious prisoner. And it was so. I found out why, when I met Mooney, in the little room set apart from the interviewing slits. The other visitors, calling on their friends and relatives, sat on one side of an iron wall, and held their conversations through slots cut in steel and bullet-proof glass windows, almost too small to see through, certainly too small for any object to be passed. Armed guards lounged nonchalantly near-by; careless—apparently. But none of that for me. I sat in the ante-chamber, a room of green painted wood and grey steel with barred and shuttered windows through which the California sunshine struggled futilely. I smoked a cigarette and looked down the long line of cells, iron staircases, and prison offices. The place reeked of disinfectants, was dreary with its atmosphere of concrete, scrubbing brushes, and human misery. This was where they kept Tom Mooney!

I thought myself a healthy man, but when Mooney walked down the corridor, springing with every step, short, stocky, muscular, healthy and virile after twenty years in prison, I felt ashamed! I was free to come and go; to use or misuse myself; while he was nothing but an automaton, obeying every order on the moment, not allowed a will of his own . . . and keeping himself supremely fit for the possible day when he would be back among us. On that point we started our talk. Yes. He thought it a duty to keep fit. He does not smoke; has never drunk. The movement needs men whose heads are clear and whose bodies are strong. It is not an easy game, the Trade Union movement, and only the strong can do their duty properly. The others will be "weak sisters" in time of emergency. He had seen too many men of promise let the movement down just when they should have been of most help. Most of it was from lack of self-discipline. That is not a thing which prison taught, he said. Prison offers many chances of dissipation, and one can be as unhealthy in jail as outside. It is not doctors who keep the nation fit, but common sense and self-discipline on the part of the people. He did not want to preach, but that had always been a cardinal point with him. Keep fit! After that you might be of some use if your brain and sincerity were good enough. But without fitness, all the rest was wasted.

This was surprising enough, but there was more to follow. I had half expected that he would talk about nothing but his own case. After all, twenty years in prison is long enough to make any man concerned with himself alone. But Mooney was not only not preoccupied with himself, he was not even concerned only with politics. The latest books (he read them only in review), the Russian theatre, changes in journalism, the death of Lincoln Steffens. The conversation swung round and round through the whole range of modern thought. And this was a prisoner! For twenty years he had lain in prison, cut off from the world; allowed only one newspaper per day, allowed no books on politics, sex, economic or social questions, permitted to read only cowboy and adventure tales. Then how had he kept informed? By reading his paper thoroughly, cover to cover, and by having a good enough background before he went "inside."

He reads the *New York Times*—"The finest paper in America! All the news you need"—and, when he has read it, passes it on down the cell block for the other prisoners to read. Finally, it comes back to him, completely worn out and in shreds from the constant handling it receives from the other poor devils eager to keep in touch with the outside. No. He was not out of touch.

"You see, you people who have not spent years in prison imagine that society exists only on the outside. But you are wrong. In here, or in San Quentin (where they usually keep me), or in any other prison, there are precisely the same social problems on a small scale which exist outside on a large scale. We have our favouritisms, our class distinctions—the better jobs give power to even a convict—sex life (but I won't go into that), jealousies, ambitions (everybody wants to be a trusty), ruling classes, trade problems . . . and there is a large trade in prison. Of course, it is not *supposed* to exist, but you can buy tobacco, drugs, liquor, extra bedding, all sorts of things. The trade is all contraband, so we even have our customs authorities."

He does not complain about his treatment. As he says, he is a prisoner and no prison is a rest home. But he is allowed certain privileges. A "lifer" who has served twenty years is allowed these by the mere virtue of his reliability. "But I'll never rest until I've cleared my name from the stigma placed upon it in that bombing frame-up! As if I'd ever throw bombs!"

Frame up! The words are mere platform talk to most of us. But to Mooney and Billings they are realities. They have spent a whole lifetime in prison. A lifetime during which they could have married, raised families, lived whole lives, not merely breathed. Had I been Mooney, I would have been bitter by this. But his eyes twinkled as he heard me say so. "Don't be too sure," he said. "How did you come into the movement, Tom?" "Just like everybody else—watching things and forming opinions. I had been to visit the Pope in Rome; a member of an Irish-American Catholic Youth delegation. I didn't know anything about politics, but the day we landed in New York, the Knickerbocker crash took place. People everywhere lost their savings, and thousands lost their jobs as well. I suppose that it was landing to see that happen that started me thinking. Anyway, that's how I first started to ask questions. Why had this happened? It was our own folks who told me what the fault was—and it landed me here!"

"But are you sorry?" I asked him. "Would you do the same again?" "Of course! And so would Billings. What we have suffered has made millions of people start to ask questions, just as I did. What is the reason that such things can be? That is what many have asked. And it's more useful to have a man ask himself the question than to have him ask you. But that doesn't mean that we want to stay in here. We are still fighting to get out—and not on parole. And when that day comes. . . ."

"But will it ever come?" "I don't know. If it is left to

the State of California, I shall die in prison. When Upton Sinclair was running for Governor there seemed a chance of vindication. But he was defeated, and there is no chance now in this State. If the issue ever comes before the Supreme Court of the United States, I may be released. There is a good fighting chance. But I cannot tell. Anything might happen. But it hasn't happened yet."

"Then what shall I say when I get back home to England?"

"Simply say 'Hello' to the boys for me, and tell them that they can help us by keeping interest in our case alive. Goodbye. I'm proud that you called on me!"

And I am proud that I called on Tom Mooney.

TERENCE MCCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Heartbreak House," Westminster

Mr. Bernard Shaw no doubt was playing one of his usual spoofs on the public when he called his play a fantasia in the Russian manner on English themes, for he has the habit of getting away with most things. There is very little of the atmosphere of any Russian play about this impromptu, and the wildly improbable characters that appear can only be taken as burlesque, except that they do not really burlesque anything. There remains the felicity of Mr. Shaw's argumentative reasoning and the unexpected turn of his wit. Both are often at their best, but it must be admitted that this is one of his most verbose plays and that the second Act in particular is of inordinate length. Within the limits of his conception the characters have that three-dimensional drawing of which Mr. Shaw is such a master, but the play depends in its entirety on dialogue and dissertation, and if the point of the idea seems to misfire, there may not always be enough in the decoration for the dramatic value to pull its proper weight. The Westminster Theatre company give a very adequate performance with a particularly charming portrait of Ellie Dunn by Miss Margaret Hood. It needs an Edith Evans to carry off Lady Utterword, but Miss Agnes Lauchlan made a good attempt, while Miss Mary Grey, though in appearance she is not everyone's conception of Mrs. Hushabye, also made the best of that flubsy creature. Mr. Cecil Trouncer is almost always the same, but his powerful voice is well suited to the turn and sententiousness of Captain Shotover, while Mr. Richard Goolden is wholly delightful as Mazzini Dunn.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Ring, Blackfriars

The Merry Wives is not often acted, perhaps because it offers no really fat character part. Falstaff, as the critics have agreed, "is but a shadow of his former self." Brought back to the stage according to tradition to please the Queen, the members of the "exotic entourage" of the wild prince are less human and more stock figures of farce. But the play has an agility of plot to make up for its thinness in character-mongering. Taken at speed it rattles along very pleasantly. And Mr. Atkins produced the play at an excellent speed. Violet Vanbrugh and Irene Vanbrugh as Mistress Ford and Mistress Page were amiable plotters, and their deceptions of the greasy knight were charmingly done. The "degradation" of Falstaff, which pains the Morgann school of idolaters, was shown by the production to belong to the study rather than the theatre. Roy Byford as Falstaff had an infectious laugh and assured Mistress Ford that he was none of "these hawthorn buds" very engagingly. The play was spoken roundly and audibly by everyone concerned and the acting had real gusto. The Bankside Players are giving Shakespeare a chance to make himself heard.

"Sequel to Second Bureau," at the Curzon

The first instalment of *Deuxième Bureau* started brilliantly and went on to be a fairly exciting spy thriller. Its sequel continues with a high anxiety ratio but without anything startlingly original in the direction or the acting. There is a sort of moral involved in these stories—that, though women make excellent spies, they pay for it, poor dears, with broken hearts. Heartbreaks are cheap though, and almost the only person who can be relied on to emerge fancy-free and ready for more is the brave and resourceful Captain Benôit of the Second Bureau. Mdlle. Renée St. Cyr, who occasionally looks and acts like Miss Loy of Hollywood, is the new heroine, in place of Vera Korene, ded. Pierre Renoir suffers a certain heavy humiliation at the hands of the French—but it is better so; he would be intolerable if he won. Swastikas, outstretched palms, and a raucous loud speaker give a vivid if unfriendly view of the Führer's Germany—but it seems certain that under the Nazis such a young and expressionistic artist as the one in this film would be recovering from his *Kulturbolshevismus* in a concentration camp.

"Three Smart Girls," at the Gaumont, Haymarket

This film has been specially designed to fit a remarkable person. Miss Deanna Durbin is 14, and her extraordinarily mature voice has been her passport to a place among the stars. Such a voice in such a lively little piece of goods must naturally have a noticeable effect on a film which is made to show them off. But if Miss Durbin had been just any little girl and could not sing at all, *Three Smart Girls* would still be what it is now—an entertaining film. As it is, the people who crowd at all hours of the day into the opulent seats at the Gaumont spontaneously applaud Miss Durbin's welkin-splitting soprano; and when they leave the theatre (dabbing their eyes a little, for the family sentiment is touching) they think presumably that she, who has made the evening so uncomfortable for those who are less fond of song, has given them a lovely time. We believe it would be much more fair and accurate to say that she has been a minor contributory factor. This is a very efficient film with a fresh story and some excellent acting by Ray Milland, Binnie Barnes, Marks Winninger (who was the captain in *Show Boat*) and Mischa Auer (who was the piano-playing Pole in *My Man Godfrey*) and several others.

Anthony Devas, at Wildenstein's

Less than a year ago Mr. Devas held a very successful exhibition at Cooling's. Then he showed that he could put pictorial charm as well as a likeness into a portrait. In his present exhibition he has done the same for the subject picture. On occasion he combines all three and makes a picture tell a story, record a likeness or two, and find room for good painting and design as well. In 1937 Mr. Devas's portraits show even more assurance than before, and just the right adjustment between abandon and control. His interiors have an attractively bohemian air—out of grey Bond Street into the informal life of the studios. And out of a brilliant tangle of spidery lines his pen-and-wash nymphs emerge, full of charms. Indeed, though Mr. Devas may soon find he has no technical worlds left to conquer, as long as there are nymphs to be drawn and fine ladies to be suitably portrayed, his gifts should never lack employment. It is impossible to imagine his future without uneasiness, for he seems fated inexorably to become successively A.R.A., R.A., and Kt. One can only hope that Burlington House will not succeed in doctoring his vitality, alloying his honesty or mechanising his charm.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 19th—

Dance for Peace, Suffolk Galleries, 8. Tickets, 2s. 6d.

SATURDAY, March 20th—

Exhibition and Sale of Rare and First Editions, Autographed Books and Authors' MSS. for Spanish Medical Aid, Foyle's Gallery, 2.30.

"A New Way to Pay Old Debts," Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 8. And on March 22nd. Tickets 1s. 3d.

SUNDAY, March 21st—

S. K. Ratcliffe on "England and America—Now," Conway Hall, 11.

"Joy Will Come Back," Arts.

MONDAY, March 22nd—

H. V. Hodson on "The Economic Problems of the British Empire," Essex Hall, 6.15.

Public Meeting Against Race Prejudice, Poverty and Glorification of War. Speaker, Frau Irene Harand. Friends' House, 7.30.

Public Debate on Socialist Attitude towards Subject Peoples of the Empire. George Padmore *v.* E. Hardy. 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.

"Savoy Hotel 217," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, March 23rd—

John Barclay on "The London Organisation of the Peace Pledge Union," Friends' House, 1.20.

J. Isaacs on "Literary Wit in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," Warburg Institute, 5.30.

A. H. Robertson on "War and Peace," Conway Hall, 7.

"The Taming of the Shrew," New.

"Stars and Stripes," Vaudeville.

WEDNESDAY, March 24th—

Prof. P. S. M. Blackett on "Can the Next European War be Prevented?" Conway Hall, 8.

"St. Matthew Passion," by Philharmonic Choir, Queen's Hall, 8.

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Allen of Hurtwood on "The League and a New Peace Settlement," Caxton Hall, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Years, by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press, 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a novel of 469 pages divided, not into chapters, but into dated sections. Thus, 1880 has ninety pages, 1891 forty-four, 1907 nineteen, 1908 fifteen, 1910 thirty-four, 1911 twenty-four, 1913 eleven, 1914 sixty, 1917 twenty-four, 1918 four, while one hundred and forty are devoted to the present day. I have given these figures in detail, because they reveal that the weight of the book is at each end and it seems reasonable to assume that Mrs. Woolf's mind moved with the greatest happiness and ease over the events of the present and of the distant past, which means over her reconstructions of Victorian childhood and her portraits of old age. The " main business of life," as people call falling madly in love, getting married, and having children, the main business of life with all its agonising jealousies, ecstacies, and terrors, is there of course, but only because in fact it is always there and has to be included. The main business of life is not what stimulates Mrs. Woolf's imagination ; it is not what she feels impelled to tell us about. Indeed her attitude is rather like that of Miss Eleanor Pargiter, one of the characters in her book.

> She could not hear what he was saying, but from the sound of his voice it came over her that he must have a great many love affairs. Yes—it became perfectly obvious to her, listening to his voice through the door, that he had a great many love affairs. But who with ? and why do men think love affairs so important ? she asked as the door opened.

Since, however, there has never been any shortage of writers who deal almost exclusively with courtship and love, it is rather a blessing to have one of the major English novelists preoccupied with other things.

* * *

The object filling Mrs. Woolf's pages is a family with all its ramifications and changing characteristics : a family which socially is not so very different from the Forsytes. Indeed an amusing essay might be written contrasting and comparing Galsworthy and Mrs. Woolf who, belonging to much the same class, have chronicled much the same set of people. The strict Communist would no doubt lump Mrs. Woolf and Galsworthy together, giving the preference to the latter, since he was more continually preoccupied with questions of social injustice. Yet it would be obvious, to someone living much farther than Moscow—to an observer in Mars—that the two writers have aesthetically nothing whatever in common. Galsworthy is a novelist of immense historical importance. He tells us how a certain class lived and made their money ; he records the main business of life, how they made love and married and sentimentalised their emotions. The historian and the anthropologist of the future will find, in the Forsyte Saga, all his work done for him. There will be no need for him to warn his pupils that any of the facts in it are unreliable. Whereas what sort of a picture could they get from reading *The Years* ? Only, I think, a totally false impression of an extraordinarily high degree of civilisation, but having as much likeness to reality as *As You Like It* had to social life in Elizabethan England, or *The Birds* to that of Ancient Athens. Mrs. Woolf has no doubt been at some pains to avoid the sort of anachronisms which the English teacher points out so triumphantly in the works of Shakespeare—" mounted to the very chimney tops to see great Caesar pass " : *Note that the Romans did not have chimneys on their houses*—for such percipient critics were able to point to comparable errors in *Orlando*. But in *The Years* they will not find much, except possibly a meal in which brussels sprouts appear to follow the tart. The anachronisms here are more serious : they are those of omission. Nothing marks and dates society more than its ideas. Yet Mrs. Woolf does not seem to have asked herself what her characters were reading in 1891, or in 1918. Had she done so, she could have shown us the difference between the generation who read Meredith because they believed, like the critic in *Chambers Encyclopedia*, 1891 :

> Meredith is the foremost novelist of the day and one of the most invigorating and stimulative thinkers of his generation. It is believed that Mr. Meredith is, for the present at least, more extensively read by men than by women ; and this, if a fact, may perhaps be partly accounted for by the purpose which he has so deliberately expressed, and so consistently carried out, of bringing philosophy into the domain of fiction.

—and the generation who, with equal fatuity, believed the same of D. H. Lawrence. Had Mrs. Woolf indicated that the minds of her characters were filled with such changing materials she would have given us a more convincing objective picture, but she would have been forced to describe them from the outside. It would be folly to wish for this. Mrs. Woolf is not an objective writer at all. We must read *The Years* not as we read *Pride and Prejudice*, but as we read *The Prelude*.

* * *

It would be impossible to over-praise the beauty of Mrs. Woolf's prose in *The Years*. There is, to my mind, an immense advance from the wild disjointed poetry of *Orlando* or *Flush* ; a greater gravity, a ripeness and richness and warmth in the descriptive passages which she has achieved nowhere else and which marks her as the greatest living master of English.

> She came out on the top. The wind ceased ; the country spread wide all round her. Her body seemed to shrink ; her eyes to widen. She threw herself on the ground, and looked at the billowing land that went rising and falling, away and away, until somewhere far off it reached the sea. Uncultivated, uninhabited, existing by itself, for itself, without towns or houses it looked from this height. Dark wedges of shadow, bright breadths of light lay side by side. Then, as she watched, light moved and dark moved ; light and shadow went travelling over the hills and over the valleys. A deep murmur sang in her ears—the land itself, singing to itself, a chorus, alone. She lay there listening. She was happy completely. Time had ceased.

The unsophisticated directness of sense impression, of a child, of a poet, runs through the whole book. The only realities are the things she has seen that touched her imagination and that are lighted up in her mind. Scraps of paper blowing from a dustcart, a man's face who has made an assignation with a girl and feels himself on the brink of a love affair, the tea-urn sliding past the moving train—these are symbols pieced together like a patchwork quilt made from the scraps of a hundred old frocks : each little hexagon is the tangible symbol of a whole flood of emotions and of memories. There is richness and beauty and artistry in the quilt, and there is the harmony of music running through it—but it is fragmentary, discontinuous, not a woven fabric. There are indeed repetitions which may irritate. Too many characters are always talking aloud ; conversations are always interrupted ; people rarely hear what each other say ; the mind and the eye dart off at a hundred angles. And this continual interruption comes to seem like a trick ; the talk has the lack of smoothness of a conversation in *Alice in Wonderland* without its logic. It is an emotional shorthand—but what, the reader asks himself, would it be like if it were written out in long ? And though this discontinuous world is moving, the people in it remain almost stationary. One is aware simultaneously of time and of timelessness. Such criticisms might damn another writer ; they cannot be considered as implying drawbacks in Mrs. Woolf, and I have made them because it is easier to describe what she is not than what she is, which is unique. She is a supreme imaginative artist, of extraordinary originality and, in my opinion, *The Years* is the finest novel she has written. It is altogether on a bigger scale than *Jacob's Room*, and has a fullness and richness in conception and execution which were lacking in *To the Lighthouse*. There is an awareness of old age, and of sympathy with it, in the last part of the book which is new. And her humour is of a kind which spoils one for anyone else's. Above all, her special quality, for me, is something I can only compare to a child's first visit to the pantomime—of finding myself in an enchanted world.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Daughters and Sons. By I. COMPTON-BURNETT. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Bachelor of Arts. By R. K. NARAYAN. *Nelson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Felicity Greene: The Story of a Success. By JOHN BROPHY. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Compton-Burnett is one of the very few really original novelists alive, but her work is only known to a limited public. Though she could never become a best-seller, there must be many people (particularly among those who do not much care for modern novels in general) who, if they knew of her, would cheerfully undertake the continuous intellectual exercise of reading her books for the sake of the continuous intellectual exhilaration—and something more—which is its reward. It is to them, and not to the convinced Compton-Burnett fans, that this review is addressed.

Her novels all have the same sort of characters, the same sort of plot, and the same sort of title: *Men and Wives, Brothers and Sisters, Pastors and Masters,* and now *Daughters and Sons.* They are carried on almost entirely in dialogue of extreme formality, precision and concision, unless one of her bores is speaking (and a Compton-Burnett bore is something to remember), when we have instead speeches of a measured rotundity and unction. No one is ever guilty of "ums" or "ers," of incomplete or ungrammatical sentences—not even the children; yet so extraordinary is the evocative power of this highly stylised art that the twelve-year-old Muriel is one of the most memorable and defined characters in *Daughters and Sons.* There is generally a group of adolescent brothers and sisters who comment caustically and accurately upon the actions and words of their elders. Inquisitive and peculiar neighbours are invited to dine with the family, usually at some moment of appalling though latent crisis, and utter a fair share of pungent comment themselves. (Miss Compton-Burnett's dinner-parties are indeed grisly affairs; as though Jane Austen should try her hand at the banquet scene of *Macbeth.*) The action is confined to some small English country town or village (unnamed), and the period inclines to be some thirty or forty years ago. But we are really outside space and time, for we see nothing, nothing is described, there is no scenery, no weather, no props, none of those odds and ends put in by all ordinary novelists for the sake of atmosphere and reality. This is the novel *démeublé* with a vengeance. A picture of the world is conveyed not unlike that which one might attribute to a man born blind, but with his hearing, awareness and nervous sensibility proportionately sharpened.

And what does it all lead to? What is the matter, the action that underlies all this politely impolite conversation and provokes so many acid generalisations? The matter is usually the extreme internal tension of family life, fed by jealousy, nerves, suspicion, the lust to dominate, and the usual discrepancies of age and outlook, and brought at last to such a pitch that the chief characters are scarcely sane. Eventually they reach the limits of endurance, and lose all control, while continuing to talk effortless Compton-Burnett prose. Then there is matricide, suicide, infanticide, incest, horror of the classical order, high tragedy. Nor, after the deed, is the tragic chorus silent. The rain of comment continues, life goes on and not very differently, everyone is aware both of the difference and how slight it is. The family reshuffles itself, a new governess is engaged, the neighbours withdraw, the curtain falls upon a situation not resolved, but merely transposed into another key. For this austere fiction is concerned with the skeleton of humanity, and original sin cannot be banished from bare bones.

In *Daughters and Sons* the horrors are less lavish than usual. The plot centres upon Sabine Ponsonby, a magnificently rude old termagant of eighty-five, her son John (widowed with five children) and her daughter Hetta, an insanely possessive woman who has devoted her life to her brother and consequently cannot endure his second marriage. She pretends (perhaps really attempts—we are never quite sure which) to commit suicide, and, when all have accepted the fact of her death, unexpectedly returns; the shock of all this kills old Mrs. Ponsonby. So at least we should put it in our loose way; but her granddaughters, characteristically discussing the impending event some moments *before* it occurs, are, as usual, more exact:

> "Aunt Hetta has killed Grandma."
>
> "It is unfortunate to harm anyone of eighty-five. You are said to have killed her, when it is such a small part of the killing you have done. It is eighty-five years that have killed Grandma."

Conventional ideas and phrases are constantly thus tested and found wanting by these mercilessly logical people. Sometimes it is on their own lips that they detect a vagueness of thought which they hasten to correct, or at any rate to question:

> "Miss Blake is not even here; she is showing true dignity; but I always wonder if the true kinds of dignity, the dignity of toil and simplicity and frugal independence, are as good as the other kinds. Edith seems to like the ordinary dignity of being married to John: I have noticed how well ordinary dignity sits on people. Now we turn our eyes on a simple, family scene. I don't know why simple is so often coupled with family. Simple family affection, simple family life; yes, it is wrong . . ."

It is not surprising that a passion for verbal precision should frequently flower into brilliant wit; and on the rare occasions when the author allows herself a brief narrative paragraph, precision is still the keynote of the style. Take the sentence which introduces the speaker of the passage quoted above, Miss Charity Marcon:

> Miss Charity Marcon walked up her garden path, crossed her hall and entered her plain little drawing-room, her great height almost coinciding with the door, and her long neck bending, lest the experience of years should prove at fault and it should quite coincide with it.

If you relish that faultless sentence it is probable that Miss Compton-Burnett is your author, and that you will come to find in this formal, witty dialectic, quivering with sensibility and insight into the human heart, a rare pleasure like no other. It should be observed, by the way, that people coming into the room in her books invariably overhear the last remark, though it is not often meant for their ears. This has the double result of preserving unchecked the flow of the dialogue, and of emphasising the interlocking horror of family life, which is her constant theme. There is an interesting passage in *Daughters and Sons* in which the author seems to be defending her obsession with this subject. A new governess named Edith Hallam has just arrived and Sabine starts a family row:

> "Miss Hallam is seeing us as we are," said Clare. "Do families often stand revealed as soon as this?"

Christopher Sprigg

airman and author, killed near Madrid a fortnight ago in action with the International Brigade, where he had served since last December, must be remembered by all of us for his devoted championship of the cause of freedom. Deaths such as his may appear cruelly wasteful, but this notice is printed in the hope that his ideals, and the unhesitating loyalty to them which led him to interrupt a most promising literary career, may not soon be forgotten.

Please make a point of reading his most important work, *Illusion and Reality,* which Macmillan's will shortly publish (under a pen-name, Christopher Caudwell). It is a passionate history of poetic vision and man's eternal struggle to be free. He had corrected the proofs just before leaving for Spain.

His books published by Nelson's include three flying books—*Let's Learn to Fly!* (1937), 3/6, *Great Flights,* 3/6, and *British Airways,* 2/6—also two detective novels. He edited *Uncanny Stories* for the Nelson Classics.

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LONGMANS

"Yes, fairly often," said Edith. "You would hardly believe about families. Or many people would not."

"We have to belong to a family to believe it," said France. "But everybody does belong to one. It seems so odd, when you think of what is involved."

Miss Compton-Burnett's range is obviously limited, though the limitations are of her own choosing. Her method cannot, for example, portray people who are both stupid and silent; and in all her books the outside characters are rather shadowy, as is almost inevitable. Deep emotions are implied rather than directly expressed, though the threnody of Sabine over her supposedly dead daughter (too long to quote here) rises to heights of eloquence hardly scaled before by the author. Her strange books have about them the golden touch of perfection: in their own sphere they are flawless works of art, and no one else could conceivably have written a page of them.

It is bad luck for a novelist to share a notice with Miss Compton-Burnett, and I am especially sorry for Mr. Narayan, who in any ordinary week would have cantered in an easy winner with his charming *Bachelor of Arts*. Chandran and his friends are in their last year at an Indian University. Earnest and rather vague Historical and Philosophical Associations spring up overnight and become a nuisance to their secretaries. There is a visit to the cinema, and evening walks along the river bank which lead to Chandran's becoming enamoured of a girl to whom, of course, he cannot speak. He hopes desperately she is not over fourteen; if she is she is sure to be married. She is not married, and the families compare horoscopes. They do not agree, perhaps because each family's astrologer uses a different almanac; in any event, it is all off, and Chandran is desolate. He manages a degree, his friends vanish into the enormous Indian spaces, they do not write, the college group photograph fades. He gets a job, another girl, unimpeachable as to youth and horoscope, is proposed, he finds her enchanting and forgets the first. That is all, but in Mr. Narayan's gentle hands it is a good deal. Mr. Graham Greene, in an enthusiastic introduction to the book, detects a resemblance to Chehkov possibly due to a "similarity between the position of the educated Indian to-day and that of the student-class of Tsarist Russia"; and this delightful story has indeed something of the Russian master's sense of transient beauty.

In *Felicity Greene* Mr. Brophy indulges in some amusing, if not very light-fingered, satire on the personality and career of a famous woman novelist; he has hit upon the idea of disguising his venom in the praise of an uncritical admirer of Felicity and her works; and of course the more complete the repudiation of Felicity's faults the more outrageous the truth which is revealed. A pleasant choice for a malicious mood. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE ENGLISH HEROINE

Pamela's Daughters. By ROBERT PALFREY UTTER and GWENDOLYN BRIDGES NEEDHAM. *Lovat Dickson.* 15s.

This is a lively, voluminous, and well-documented account of the heroine in English fiction. The authors (of the University of California) have cast their net very wide and brought up many hundredweight of "ephemeral" novels from every period, judging them more representative than works of permanent value.

"Pamela's daughters" were produced by the rise of capitalism. As the middle-class woman lost her footing in industry she had to concentrate on such virtues as would get her a man: she had to be soft, docile, and pure as the driven snow. Almost her only function, except motherhood, was to reflect credit on the man who was paying for her—and this she did by doing nothing. Tom Tulliver was disgusted when Maggie chose to earn her own living. "I wished my sister to be a lady." It was the general wish, and most women liked it. Sensibility, delicacy, ultra-refinement, a genteel helplessness—those became the hallmark of female worth.

The true heroine must *look* delicate. The authors have a great deal to say about fashion in female beauty: they derive Sophia Western and Clarissa from Boucher's canvasses. It was the era of the *fausse maigre*—rather tall; with a slender yet rounded figure; long-legged, "if it were permitted to be visible"; exquisitely refined-looking, but thoroughly healthy. The "lass with the delicate air" began well enough. In the pages of the ephemeral novelists her delicacy increases; her health dwindles; her legs cease to be mentioned, or even hinted at; she pines away on a sofa. In the eighteen-seventies she begins to revive and climb mountains.

This elegant creature, at her most pure, fragile and feeble-minded, we call Victorian. "We do not find her in eighteenth-century novels because we do not read them, or read only the ones that do not exhibit her. But in the ephemeral novel we can find this 'Victorian' heroine . . . of full stature before Victoria was born."

The authors give many instances from the Radcliffes, sub-Radcliffes, and pseudo-Richardsons of the period—enough, indeed, to cast some doubt on their economic argument. Sensibility and refined helplessness were not then exclusively female; they were the fashion all round. Genteel swains, like their mistresses, cried in torrents, and—without the same excuse of corseting—swooned away. In *Munster Abbey: A Romance*, the heroine inadvertently walks into a pond; her husband, mother and sister all fall down senseless; the servant, "unacquainted with the art of swimming," rushes to the house for help which will be too late; and, in the nick of time, the victim is rescued by—a Newfoundland dog! Here we have the *reductio ad absurdum* of a general principle. Valancourt, in *Udolpho*, though less tearful than the object of his affections, is quite as helpless: all the initiative belongs to Ludovico, the comic servant. Scott's young men don't swoon; but they are far too well-bred to have any character. Yet they have professions all right.

True, long after the "man of feeling" and the genteel swain had gone out the passive heroine flourished. For this we can hardly blame capitalism, or Victoria either; they had not been heard of in Andromeda's time. There are fashions in the "delicate air," undoubtedly; but the delicate air itself has never gone out of fashion, and never will.

The authors know all this, as one can see from their references; but the visible unsoundness of a point never deters them from making it. They have, altogether, more wit than judgment. They begin with a great air of getting somewhere; but as we pass from "liquid sorrow" to the delicate air, the old maid, the fallen heroine, the virtuous working-girl, the new woman—frequently returning to the same point—it becomes impossible not to ask more and more often, "Qu'est-ce que cela prouve?" Our guides can no longer see the wood for the trees, and go round and round in it. They cannot resist a digression or suppress an example. They write pages on the custom of shaving the body. They quote Chaucer, Grimm, Terence, Homer, *Aucassin*, Malory. They discuss the probable tastes and fashions of the Stone Age. They seem to be in the enjoyment of absolute truth on all moral points, but their attitude, though so judging, is quite incalculable; one never knows when to expect a gibe. They will poke fun at a remark without pausing to understand it, let alone think it over; and they flog the deadest of horses with immense gusto. To crown all, they are mercilessly inaccurate. Take one example. "The love plot with economic obstacles is the mainstay of the English novel. . . . It reached its apotheosis in the works of Jane Austen, who used no other." This has a plausible air. It is, however, untrue of four out of the six novels; the other two—*Sense and Sensibility* and *Northanger Abbey*—are doubtful cases.

One might forgive a blunder or so if one happened to share the authors' literary taste or their taste in heroines. (They idolise Meredith. They bracket Scott with Jane Austen, as a writer "who knows precisely what he is doing, and how to do it." They single out his Amy Robsart for special praise. They say of Elizabeth Bennet: "If her part were cast in *Richard Feverel*, it would be that of Lucy Desborough." What on earth does that mean?) But, in any case, and with all their defects of judgment, they are most amusing historians. They are amusing almost continuously, because they quote so much. As part of a thesis the examples are at once too numerous and preposterously inadequate; they lead nowhere, but they make the road very pleasant. And the impression one gets is that in the eighteenth century bad novels were ludicrous, but not grovelling. In the nineteenth they grovelled—the very title of *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model* is emetic—but were not quite so far removed from real life. As for the pre-Victorianism of the Victorian *jeune fille*, I am not sure. The ephemeral novelist may display her earlier; but certainly in Victoria's day the real novelist—even the best of the real novelists—had taken her up. One can see the change by glancing back again to Jane Austen. Emma is told to expect some bad news of Frank Churchill, and wonders what it can be. "Her fancy was very active. Half a dozen natural children, perhaps, and poor Frank cut off! This, though very undesirable, would be no matter of agony to her. It inspired little more than an animating curiosity." Her fancy was indeed active! Trollope would have dropped her for less. K. JOHN

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THE THIRD MORALITY

The Third Morality. By GERALD HEARD. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is an important book. It provides a theoretical basis, systematic, simple and comprehensive, for that reaction to the contemporary crisis which has its centre in the pacifist movement. It gives an intellectual form to this emotional reaction, and the form is itself contemporary. As a result it can be understood and judged.

> Science destroyed the religious world-view which was the basis and sanction of the old morality. Liberalism was the effort to maintain this morality without sanction, concurrently with the development of the mechanistic conception of the world which science produced. But the mechanistic picture, when it invades biology and psychology, destroys liberalism also. For it implies the meaninglessness of all moral effort. If civilisation is not to stultify itself, mechanism must go. A new world picture must be built up which restores meaning to life, and provides a basis and a sanction for a new morality. Fortunately, science is itself destroying the mechanistic picture, and its contemporary developments suggest the new basis which we need and also provide us with a new technique by which the new sanction can be made effective in our personal lives.

This type of diagnosis is already familiar. To many it seems patently correct. Actually it is an inversion of the truth. So far from being an advance beyond liberalism it is a reassertion of liberalism in a more extreme and dangerous form than ever. At this point liberalism has been forced to recognise its own moral defeat. Its failure was diagnosed by St. Paul: "I find, then, a law in my members warring against the law in my mind, so that I cannot do the things that I would." It recognises that only a religious sanction can provide the dynamic which will unify thought and action. So it seeks for a religious form which will enable it to maintain its own substance. And since by its own confession it is non-religious, it must refuse the substance of religion.

This explains the curious fact, which is also becoming familiar, that the "new" moralities have nothing new in their substance and that their "new" sanctions are as old as the hills. What is characteristic of them is that they cannot be Christian and are driven to call upon pre-Christian sources for their sanctions. Mr. Heard's new morality is, in substance, identical with the humanitarian ethic of nineteenth century liberalism. The sanctions with which he would now provide it are largely drawn from Eastern mysticism. They involve re-establishing a belief in immortality in a non-Christian form, an acceptance of some approximation to the Hindu notion of Karma and the adoption of scientifically modified forms of Yoga. I find it difficult to believe that this represents an advance in the moral conscience or the religious insight of humanity based upon the latest developments of Western science.

Theoretically, the reassertion of liberalism is to be found in Mr. Heard's first principle. "As a man thinks so will he act." Yet he has himself exhibited the breakdown of liberalism as its incapacity to act as it thinks. In his opening chapter, Mr. Heard dismisses Marx as an old-fashioned thinker with a wave of the hand. Yet in his dissertation for his doctorate in philosophy Marx, while still a student, had diagnosed the disease from which liberalism suffers, and had predicted that liberalism would inevitably have the result that Mr. Heard now discovers in it. He had seen that the effort to change the world into conformity with an ideal, even if the ideal were a true one, would necessarily result in achieving the opposite of what it intended. It would be substantially truer to say that "as a man acts so he will think," though this also is one-sided. The full truth is that where human thought and human action are in conflict human beings must be divided against themselves, and in that situation they will be caught in a tangle of external compulsion which will destroy their freedom both in thought and in action.

There is no way in which science can create a new cosmology from which a new morality could be deduced. It was not science that created the mechanistic world-picture. It was the concentration upon the pursuit of power that created the mechanistic picture, and science as the means of control. In the practical part of this book we find the desire for power reflected back upon itself. Liberalism has recognised its inability to do what it thinks it ought to do. It reveals itself unaltered by diagnosing that problem, too, as a problem of power. "How can I secure the power to overcome my reluctance to act upon my moral theory?" That is its new question. And it turns to the new science for a new technique of control. What it will not recognise is that the world is not dependent on us, but we upon the world. To concentrate upon techniques for achieving power over oneself is merely to relinquish the field to those who want power over others. This may be self-negation, but it is none the less an extreme form of self-assertion. There is no repentance in it. It lacks the humility of the religious consciousness which says: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Since reading *The Third Morality* my mind is haunted by a picture that it called up. It is the picture of a self-made millionaire spending his last years in luxurious retirement. During his active life he had been inspired by the conviction that in making his pile he was serving the progress of civilisation. Now he has discovered, in the anger and fear of those he had thought he was serving, that it was only greed that drove him onward, and that he had been robbing his fellows to satisfy himself. But instead of seeking to make restitution to those whom he has wronged, he says to himself, "How can I make restitution, I am too full of greed? I must devote myself to spiritual exercises which will replace my greed by mercy and compassion. Then, no doubt, my new nature will show itself in appropriate ways." It seems logical, and yet extremely unconvincing. JOHN MACMURRAY

THE BULPINGTON OF FONTHILL

Beckford. By GUY CHAPMAN. *Cape.* 15*s.*

While the existence of a leisured and privileged class is sometimes defended because it may produce such men as Montaigne, Shelley or Shaftesbury, it is with equal justice to be deplored because it can and does from time to time produce Byrons and Beckfords. In them real intellectual superiority combines with social superiority to achieve a sort of irresponsible megalomania, which puts a quick end to all self-criticism and falsifies their understanding both of themselves and of others. Could anything be more fatal for an artist? Especially is this true in England where society—good society—has never since the Renaissance identified itself with the intellect, and where, from lack of experience, society is easily *épatée* by wit, brilliance or any sort of well-bred unconventionality. Just because it is the thing to be stupid, the man of parts, provided he is also a man of fashion, can quickly seem divine.

Beckford was an earlier and lesser Byron, and similar circumstances wrought in him the same mischief as in Byron. But whereas the latter, through all his affectations, his snobbery, hypocrisy, and brutality, did preserve something genuine within, which rose again at Missolonghi, Beckford, less tough, grew into a mighty swollen Bulpington of Blup, with not a single sincere emotion except vanity, not a single affection, who, when he had failed to cut a figure in England as a great politician, a great writer, a great sinner or a great aristocrat, was content to snatch and cherish an easy notoriety as the great recluse. Had he lived to-day, he would doubtless have advertised his love of solitude on every hoarding in the country.

Of this strange figure Mr. Chapman has told the story sympathetically and well. He even manages to like the creature, presumably because he admires *Vathek*, which he edited some years ago. It is difficult to be unkind to anyone whose works one has enjoyed. Besides, he knows too well the circumstances which produced his hero to blame him for what those circumstances made of him. "Heir to an almost fabulous fortune, and backed by the best blood and the best political talents in the country"; only and adored son of a stupendous mother who alternately spoilt and bullied him; gifted, but in the wrong ways for a member of his class; musical, imaginative, studious, where he should have been hard-drinking, fox-hunting, and political; such was the youth who was born, with "enormous vigour and furious mental energy" at the very dawn of the Romantic Revival. His relatives ushered him with pride into a world in which virtue was synonymous with conventionality and the duller vices the hall-mark of a gentleman. Inevitably the young man sensed his own superiority: so did the ladies who made his acquaintance. Where their husbands and brothers were stolid, stupidly amorous and shackled by "the vulgar trammels of virtue," Beckford was all quicksilver, daring, unconventional, seducing them with music and wild flights of fancy. Only too late did they discover that what they had thought was a lover was but a Narcissus, and they so many pools in which he could gaze on his own perfections.

And when his brilliant indiscretions went too far and society

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Footnote. — Twenty ordinary cigarettes a day, says a doctor, can do a smoker no harm. The trouble is that, judging by what one reads, there is hardly such a thing as an ordinary cigarette . . . except Greys.

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turned against him self-righteously, as society in England always has and always will, Beckford and his unfortunate ladies found that the "vulgar trammels of virtue" were just as necessary to him as to anyone else. This was no Shelley, inspired by a truer sense of values which he must accept or die, but merely a spoilt child, claiming his right to break all the rules of the nursery, and be admired while he did so. "Just parts enough," said Horace Walpole, "to lead him astray from common sense," but not enough to lead him any farther. It is easy to see why Beckford charmed and astonished his contemporaries. It is harder to imagine why he ever shocked posterity. A man who could make love to women but could not love them, could love men but not (apparently) make love to them, who "saw his place as something greater than any earthly ambition in England could encompass," yet achieved but one book and a fleeting notoriety: nothing in him was real enough to be outrageous. Unlike Aubrey Beardsley, he was not even bad, only affected. As the years passed the gap between himself and reality grew wider and wider, till we find him unburdening "his joys and sorrows to a correspondent too far off to be able to violate his privacy," later re-writing his youthful love-letters to fit them better to his portrait of himself, and at last turning to his notes upon a Portuguese excursion to find that "scene after scene came back to him more vividly than when he first saw them," and even—more Bulpington than Bulpington—interpolating into his reminiscences "a purely fictitious interview with Dom José, the Regent of Portugal, a little masterpiece of vivid reporting, which displayed its author as no mean figure in the councils of princes."

The process was complete: Mr. Wells could not have pictured it more logically. And at the end we find the great recluse, as we might expect and more than he desired, alone. "His companions were now all dependents." Even his daughter, his adored Duchess, avoids the extortions of his egotism. "O abrégez la distance," he cries, as so many of his ladies had formerly cried to him. But she is Beckford's own daughter, and shams do not inspire affection. "L'objet de mes voeux dans le lointain," she writes, "est toujours de vous revoir." "Et ce lointain," he replies, echoing the letters of an early love, "me parait si vapoureusement éloigné qu'à peine puis-je l'apercevoir."

Incidentally, whoever corrected Mr. Chapman's proofs seems to be rather weak in modern languages. Did Beckford, who composed *Vathek* in French, really write to his daughter, "*Abregez* la distance" and "*avez* (for *ayez*) quelque soin de moi"? Who was the French painter who spelt his name *Bouché?* And on p. 295, when Franchi exclaims "Parro e nato—e parro moríra," surely the Italian should read "Pazzo è nato—e pazzo morirà"?

FLORA GRIERSON

MOSSOVIET

Moscow in the Making. By SIR E. D. SIMON, LADY SIMON, DR. W. A. ROBSON, PROFESSOR J. JEWKES. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

All sorts and conditions of books have appeared on what folk persist in calling "the Russian experiment." Some of them have been primarily concerned with the souls of their writers, while others aim to project upon the printed page that curious emanation from the vasty deeps of our contemporary romanticism, the Russian soul. We have had books, commonly inspired by religious sectarianism, which are warped by hatred or which reek of the fires of persecution: there have been the volumes of the considerable army of the doctrinaires—the Marxian faithful or the disciples of economic orthodoxy, of the von Mises school or another: there have been lawyers' books and travellers' tales and doctors' diagnoses and engineers' blue-prints and politicians' diatribes and the black bile of journalists uninhibited at last and the final vomitings of Communists who had not been taught to understand that rough work goes to the making of an earthly paradise. Since the Webbs disciplined this immense mass of truth, untruth and half-truth, the flagrantly bad books have been less frequent. Colonel Blimp, after all, is no reader and the rest of us have got our bearings again. We can take heart against quite a sea of troublesome treatises. The best books on U.S.S.R. have always been those of people who really knew what they were looking at when Intourist took them around, or who had practised their own particular craft alongside Soviet workers and specialists. It is possible to believe engineers about engineering, architects about building. Americans especially write convincingly—presumably because they are nearer than we are in this country to the crude processes of industrial revolution, and better aware of the difficulties of fusing and transforming urban and rural literates and illiterates of a bewildering variety of nationalities in the melting-pot of a new and unfixed civilisation.

Moscow in the Making belongs to this class of books. It is the work of experts on their own specialism. It is descriptive, not propagandist, critical but sympathetic. It is the fruit of a four weeks' busmen's holiday in which individual inquiry and combined discussion preceded independent writing. Sir Ernest Simon points out that printed material on the subjects of inquiry could not be got prior to leaving this country. That indicates the authors' difficulties and measures also the special value of their book. *Moscow in the Making* deals with a subject on which little has been written and it does it with distinction.

Moscow in the Making is concerned with the present and future of the civic life of Moscow. Dr. W. A. Robson skilfully outlines the complicated structure and varied functions of the Moscow Soviet (Mossoviet). He praises the intimacy of the relations between elector and elected; the absence of functional differentiation between official and councillor; the reality of local initiative within a framework of central sovereignty; the flexibility of administration in combination with an established regularity of procedure; the devotion to the common purpose of making Moscow the fit capital of the whole Soviet Union; the effective participation of a high proportion of the public in the government of the city. He makes important criticisms—the inadequate discussion of fundamental issues, the all-pervasive and repressive leadership of the Communist Party, the low level of efficiency of some Moscow services. Sir E. D. Simon underlines these criticisms. A high price is paid in the loss of democratic freedom in order to achieve the dynamic leadership and enthusiasm of Moscow. Experienced administrators and technicians are scarce, but achievement is unmistakable. While Mr. Morrison struggles against insuperable obstacles to limit and plan London, give it a green belt and a coherent and homogeneous local government, his opposite number in Moscow is actually remaking his city on a ten-year plan. This general plan for the reconstruction of Moscow is printed in this book and carefully explained. For an Englishman the contrast, as Sir Ernest Simon points out, is "pitiful and depressing."

Professor Jewkes deals with Mossoviet as a trading and industrial organisation. To responsibility for the general social services and equipment of the city is added the operation of theatres and cinemas, communications including telephones, gas and water but not electricity, sewerage, houses, warehouses and hotels, banks, retail trade and a network of local industries. Mossoviet administers factories which make building materials, elevators, oil engines, radiators, boilers and a host of other things down to pins, fish-hooks and musical instruments. These local industries are fitted into the national scheme through the Commissariat for Local Industries and the State Planning Commission. Mossoviet's shops handle 40 per cent. of the city's retail trade, and more than half its expenditure is devoted, by rigid State prescription, to the social services. Professor Jewkes is sceptical of the advantages often claimed for the planned system. In the absence of a public market for capital, consumers, he claims, have no guarantee that their needs and wishes will be met. Why, for example, was it decided to build a Metro rather than houses? Has the discriminating consumer been liquidated, he asks? That is a pertinent question here also, but while fashionable among economists, it cuts less ice than he thinks.

Lady Simon discusses school but not university or adult education. She finds much to praise and much to doubt. She gives an interesting account of the sudden expulsion of "pedologists" (practitioners of intelligence testing) from the schools last year. A sort of contest was going on between pedology and pedagogy, and the result showed in a classification of children as backward or worthy of special training that was highly favourable to those of bourgeois origin. The C.P. stepped in, sacked the pedologists, and rebuked the administration. The incident is illuminating whatever orthodox educationists may think of it. But Lady Simon claims too much for the purity of our educational system. Can the truth about India be learnt, for example, in our schools? She underestimates the extent to which we condition our children to the acceptance of capitalism just as Moscow does to the acceptance of socialism and the party line.

Sir Ernest Simon explains the standards and achievements of Moscow housing. Overcrowding in Moscow is appalling and it is clear that no serious effort has yet been made to overtake the terrific shortage of houses. Yet Moscow, he reminds us, is trying

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in one generation to raise Asiatic standards to the European level and simultaneously to maintain the seven-hour day. He finds promise in the Stakhanovite movement and in the absence of workers' limitation of output. He watched a super-bricklayer and his girl assistants on the job, and while cautious in his estimate of the quality of their work, he cannot accept Sir Walter Citrine's condemnation of these Russian methods as inhuman and unfair.

Mossoviet enjoys advantages not yet available here that will mean much for its future. Private owners of land and buildings cannot thwart its decisions: it has the drive that comes from singleness of purpose and public co-operation: it has a constitution which is "the best yet devised for effective city government." "If," Sir Ernest Simon concludes, "there should be no great war, if the population does not exceed 5,000,000, if the Government maintains its present integrity and strength of purpose, I believe that at the end of the ten-year plan Moscow will be on the way to being, as regards health, convenience and amenities of life for the whole body of citizens, the best-planned city the world has ever known." H. L. BEALES

"ANOTHER CORAL ISLAND"

We, The Tikopia. A Sociological Study of Kinship in Primitive Polynesia. By RAYMOND FIRTH. *Allen and Unwin.* 30s.

Tikopia is a small volcanic island to the extreme east of the British Solomons. It is inhabited by one of the few Polynesian tribes which have not taken, as Dr. Firth puts it, to "farming, cricket or politics," but remain in their primitive state, clad in bark-cloth and shell ornaments, making gardens, sailing the seas, and throwing money into the lagoon as useless brass. They are evidently an attractive people, with songs and legends that are often full of poetry, and a temperament so cheerful that they define "the good man" as "a man who laughs." Tikopia sounds in fact like the coral island of one's childish dreams, and Dr. Firth plunges us at once into the atmosphere of romance by a description of his first landing from the steamer surrounded by laughing, brown-skinned natives in outrigger canoes—"a tawny, surging crowd"—which he despaired for the moment of ever inducing "to submit to scientific study." But in fact he achieved this end triumphantly. Dr. Firth spent a year on the island on which there were no other European residents, acquired the native language, wrestled with the initial hostility of a people jealous of its ceremonial secrets, and now gives us what is one of the best and fullest accounts of primitive kinship that we possess.

Every anthropologist knows that kinship is one of the most difficult aspects of a primitive culture to analyse, and yet the most fundamental. On Tikopia there are 1,323 inhabitants, men, women, and children, and of these, each is able to trace his relationship to every other member of the tribe. His place of residence, his social status, his legal and religious duties, his economic obligations—in short his whole behaviour as a citizen—are determined by his position in an elaborate genealogical tree. Strangers, if there are any, must be fitted in, or their position is anomalous. Dr. Firth had to be classified as the son of one of the chiefs before the people knew how to behave to him.

It is difficult to make such a complex set of relationships clear to the general reader. A formal analysis by means of genealogies and lists of kinship terms is a comparatively simple matter, as the terrifying appearance of many anthropological monographs attests. But Dr. Firth is concerned to give us something more true to life, and tackles the problem of kinship from as many different angles as has the living reality. He describes each group of kinsmen in relation to the place they live in, the activities they carry out in common, and the way in which society expects them to behave towards each other in daily or ceremonial life. In the case of the large Polynesian household he gives us a graphic picture of the hut itself and all that goes on inside it, an analysis of the composition of the group that lives in it, and then an account of their corporate activities, describing with charm and humour the communal cooking, fishing, and gardening. Continuing this process the author extends his study to every sphere in which the relatives co-operate, the exchange of food, the ownership of land, the ritual of initiation, marriage and death. Of particular interest are his detailed observations of the typical attitudes between different kinsmen, husband and wife, children and their parents or grandparents, or relatives united by marriage, as these are revealed in concrete situations, or expressed in current speech or formal statements. I know no fuller description of the education of a primitive child in the correct behaviour towards its different relatives, and the linguistic usages of kinship. Modern psychologists stress the importance of these primary family relationships in forming human character, but without more sound comparative studies of the type Dr. Firth gives us, many of their hypotheses must remain unproved. In fact the value of this book lies in just this careful observation of intimate human relationships, and in the wealth of material on which its conclusions are based. The writer gives us formal plans and tables as well as native statements and proverbs, eye-witness accounts of dramatic incidents, and typical "slices" of daily life, and he makes clear which type of evidence he is using at any one point. The book is thus a valuable experiment in the new technique of direct sociological research originally inspired by Professor Malinowski, who contributes a preface. It concludes with a chapter of comparative material from other Polynesian societies which adds greatly to its scientific value. A. I. RICHARDS

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I am better able to comment upon the author's chapters on accidents at work than upon those on the roads. No doubt it will come as a surprise to many people to learn that in our five basic industries alone, 380,000 accidents occur in a normal year and that the direct and indirect cost to the nation is £30,000,000 a year. Not one quarter of this consists of actual compensation, and the greatest cost is represented by the value of time lost by fellow employees on the occurrence of and after an accident,

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besides spoiled material and damaged tools. Since conditions of boom set in three years ago the number of occupational accidents has risen sharply and at a much greater pace than the rise in employment. This, however, is the customary accompaniment of improving trade, which involves the return to industry of the less efficient workers (the first to go during a depression), whose liability to mishap is certainly not lessened by periods of idleness and perhaps malnutrition. Unless they are exceptional types these men and women run grave risks of injury if they are working on high speed machinery.

But perhaps the chief cause of the increasing number of accidents lies in the employment of juveniles on dangerous work. Nowadays a boy or girl entering industry runs a risk of injury which is 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. greater than in the case of an adult: in mines the disparity is still greater. Recently there have been some shocking instances of uninstructed boys between the ages of 14 and 16 losing arms through working on high power machinery. Occasionally damages amounting to thousands of pounds are awarded at Common Law, but more frequently the injured boy has to be satisfied with a trivial lump sum and the equivalent of a watchman's job for life. This is not good enough. There is an obvious duty, not always discharged, on the part of employers to warn young people of the risks of interfering with machinery in motion and to give them practical demonstrations of these dangers. True, some of the larger employers of labour recognise the need, from the humanitarian and economic points of view alike, of educating young workers in this way, but as a rule too much is left to chance.

The fatalists who say that accidents must happen because they are due to natural carelessness receive a rebuff from Dr. Vernon. On the contrary he argues—and those with experience in the subject will agree with him—that the culprits are bad management, which exposes workpeople to such unnecessary risks as unsafe ladders, floor obstructions, unguarded machinery, etc., and, on the other hand, to certain personal defects in individuals which render them more than usually susceptible to accidents. It is reckoned that probably one person in five in industry is nervy, highly strung or impulsive, and it has been found statistically that roughly the same proportion of workers is especially prone to accidents. There is, for example, the extreme case of middle aged workers suffering from blood pressure. They, of course, are liable to light-headedness and blurred vision causing falls and inability to do intricate work safely. Blood pressure doubles the usual degree of liability to accident. Chronic drinking, low vitality and continual worry over family troubles are other conditions obviously conducive to accident. Is it possible to determine which employees are particularly prone so as to segregate them on non-hazardous work? Dr. Vernon says it is and he convincingly shows that psychological tests have been proved capable of sifting the workers who are temperamentally or physically unfit to work in risky processes. How long must we wait before others become so convinced?

There is much in this book which causes one to question the standards of welfare enjoyed by workpeople. For instance, is it in the natural order of things that 11 per cent. of all occupational injuries should become septic? Admittedly, iodine is still at a discount at many places of work; admittedly, too, there is a disposition on the part of the workers themselves to ignore minor cuts and abrasions. Nevertheless, could the percentage be so high amongst well-nourished people with a reasonable standard of vitality? Is it necessary, moreover, to employ women and girls for 60 hours a week, as the Chief Inspector of Factories tells us they are? Need boys of 14 be employed on power-driven guillotines? Or old age pensioners on heavy manual work? These and other questions Dr. Vernon avoids. It is a pity, because for the most part his book contains a wealth of information and discussion, all pointing the way to improvement. Like most students of the subject, he is convinced of the value of safety organisations—often capable of reducing accidents by 30 per cent. or 40 per cent. within a few years—of the value of measures designed to reduce that fatigue which is responsible for the rise in accidents rates as the morning and afternoon spells of work progress: of the evils of excessive heat and inadequate artificial lighting, the latter being widespread.

Dr. Vernon's book confirms the view that occupational accidents can be halved in number and greatly reduced in cost. But this, it seems, must await the passing and enforcement of new factory legislation and the less sceptical co-operation of all interests concerned.

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Spain. The improvement that began in Madrid in the early days of November was evidently due above all to the International Column, and then to the seconding of its efforts and example by the Defence Junta who took over when the Government withdrew to Valencia. Mr. Cox's account of the International Column, his thumb-nail sketches of General Kleber and other officers and of typical men of the rank and file, are among the most striking chapters in the book. It may be, as he says, that this remarkable body will form a model for the democratic armies of the future. But since he left Spain in December there have been changes; the International Column has been absorbed into the national Militia and reorganised to meet the exigencies of the moment. On the many exciting incidents that were crowded into Mr. Cox's experiences, the food queues, spies, traitors and refugees, life in the British Embassy under Mr. Ogilvie Forbes (who is given a good character), and the conditions under which correspondents did their work, there is no space to dwell here. The book does not go, and does not pretend to go, very deep. But it is a first-rate piece of journalism, alive and sincere. It suffers somewhat from hasty proof-correcting; many of the Spanish names are misspelt.

C. M. L.

A GREAT SOUTH AFRICAN

W. P. Schreiner: A South African. By ERIC A. WALKER. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

Son of a German missionary father and an English mother, W. P. Schreiner spent a wandering childhood in straitened circumstances. At the age of thirteen he went with an elder brother to try his luck at the newly found diamond field at Kimberley, but came empty away. As soon as he got the opportunity of education at Grahamstown and the South African College in Capetown, his brains brought him to the front and a scholarship carried him to Downing College, Cambridge, where he spent the happiest years of his life, combining sports and scholarship with equal success. After toying with the idea of a medical career he turned to law, and on returning to South Africa rapidly acquired a practice which brought him into close contact with Rhodes, Hofmann, and the other leading statesmen who were handling the new inflammatory issues which gold and diamonds had brought upon a backward country. His early political and personal sympathy with Rhodes was shattered by the revelations of the Jameson raid, and though still cleaving to the British authority he denounced the "capitalistic Caesarism and bastard Imperialism" of his former leader. He soon found himself in difficulties, striving to maintain a pacific course of reconciliation at a time when events were moving rapidly towards race conflict and actual war. Not a very good judge of men, he was at first attracted by Milner's strong qualities, failing to see how impossible this High Commissioner was for the task of dealing with a personality like Kruger and a situation like that of Johannesburg. But had Schreiner been permitted to go to the fateful Conference at Bloemfontein in the spring of 1899, the door might not have been banged, as Milner banged it, upon the cause of peace. The trouble for Schreiner both then and later was that he was always for reconciliation among parties who wanted to get at one another's throats. The procession of events in the Boer War was an agonising experience for one so sensitive, with a family bitterly divided in their politics. Questions of the supply of ammunition to the Boer Republic, the pro-Boer sympathies of many of his friends, both in South Africa and England, during the war, when he was Premier, above all the punishment of Cape rebels under the Treason Act which forced him to break with his nearest political friends—issues that tested his legal integrity and sense of justice to the verge of mental collapse, make painful reading as Mr. Walker presents them here. There can be no question as to the services Schreiner rendered in keeping the rebellion in the Colony within small dimensions and in helping to heal the grievous wounds left by the war.

His later years in South Africa were largely taken up by the two related issues of the nature of the proposed South African Union and the treatment of the native races. On both matters he strove to get the British Imperial interest on his side, so as to protect the electoral rights of natives in the Colony and their landed rights throughout the Union. Here we find him in close contact with Dilke, Stead and his confidential friend John Ellis. His growing liberalism and humanitarianism in his later years became ruling passions in his life and, though usually defeated on the stage of politics, got him some real compensation in the approval and co-operation of his brilliant sister and other dissident members of his forceful family.

Continually overworked by his professional and political activities, his life was a struggle against recurrent bouts of ill-health. His last years as High Commissioner in London, active enough, were easier in their incidence upon a nature always too fine for the tasks he was called upon to perform.

Mr. Walker has done his work with skill, industry and impartiality, and the book sheds new light upon many controversial issues.

J. A. HOBSON

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MISSES HIS DINNER

"This evening being stuck with a queer story I am writing I took up your book* about a quarter to eight. At nine my parlour maid came to ask if I wanted any dinner to-night. It is now close on midnight. But I realise now that your book is of the **UTMOST IMPORTANCE** and I feel tremendously lit up by it. . . ."

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H. G. WELLS

Extract from a letter to

W. H. George, M.Sc., Ph.D.,

author of

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Great Russell Street

QUEM CIVES VOLUNT PERDERE . . .

His Was the Kingdom. By FRANK OWEN and R. J. THOMPSON. *Arthur Barker.* 2s. 6d.

Applied to constitutional kings, with the ruling class of democracy in the place of God, the adage clearly ends: *prius deificant*. In a country still more puritanical than many of us supposed, the sudden and carefully calculated revelation that the monarch whom newspaper readers had been taught to regard as a semi-divine Prince Charming, half-way between Heaven and Hollywood, desired to marry a foreign divorcée, led to an astonishing revulsion of feeling. Forty years of publicised popularity vanished in a night: the fall, in the esteem of a violently disillusioned nation, was that of Lucifer.

It is idle now to speculate whether the event would have been different if the press had handled the doings of Edward VIII, from the first, with less adulation and, later, with less unwisely self-denying discretion. Equally it is too soon yet to appraise the results of the enforced abdication—on Anglo-American relations and on the future of the British Throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, relying presumably on private knowledge, has expressed his confidence that, in the early days of last December, "God has been speaking"—presumably through His accustomed medium, the *Times*. The authors of this admirably lucid and scrupulously fair account of the abdication have wisely been content to confine themselves to an objective description, written from inside Fleet Street, of the way in which the job was done,

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THE HAMPDEN SCHOOL 14, HOLLAND PARK, W.11, will open in September, 1937. It is to be:

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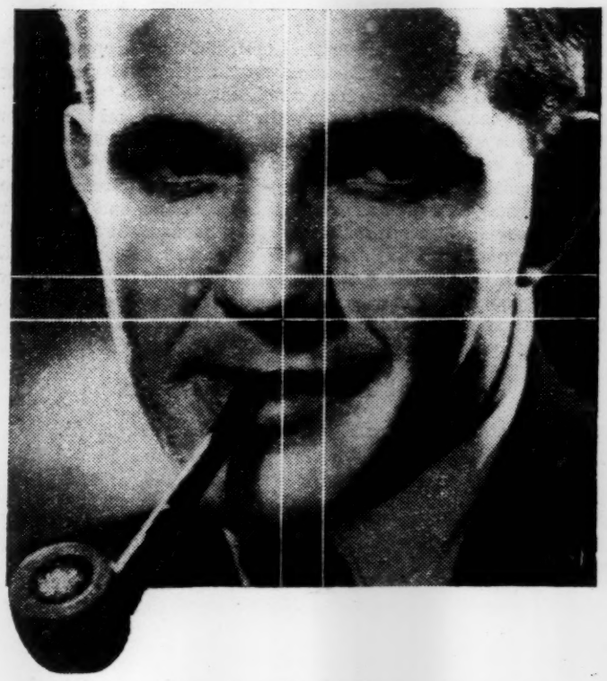

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David Bailey

and the least unattractive of all the Hanoverian kings bundled off the throne.

Newspaper cuttings get lost. As a record of the "biggest story" since the war, this small volume is worth buying and preserving by all students of affairs. The conclusion—do not "pyramid" your kings—is wholesome advice; the background and the events of the ten-days' drama are presented succinctly and well. On one point only might the authors have thrown more light. When the provincial papers in close touch with the Cabinet used Bishop Blunt's homily as a pretext for springing the mine, and the *Times* (followed by the other traditionally Tory, monarchist "heavies" *Morning Post* and *Daily Telegraph*) proceeded to give Edward "the works," the ex-King was supported by three out of the four popular national dailies, with a combined net sale of over 5 millions. Why were their efforts to avert abdication so unavailing? A. V.

SHORTER NOTICES

Members Only. By PETER ARNO. *John Lane.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

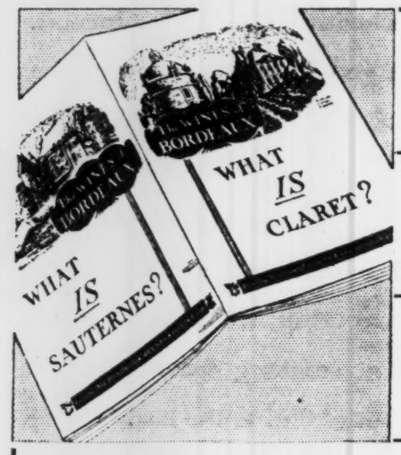
Bottled Trout and Polo. By BLAMPIED. *Newnes.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In a facetious preface, Mr. Stanley Walker (author of *Mrs. Astor's Horse*) introduces Mr. Peter Arno's drawings to a public which already knows them pretty well. "He often reminds me of a jocose Goya," says Mr. Walker. Though this is a contradiction in terms it conveys clearly enough what the writer meant. Mr. Arno is good-humoured really, his lime-juice satire is well sweetened with affection. He shows that "Dowagers . . . moppets . . . strumpets . . . tycoons, etc., are playful little creatures at bottom." As Mr. Walter says, "the bathroom is the great leveller," but where Mr. Arno levels only to a spick and span depth—Goya in his caricatures made his butts beastly rotten with "corruption pah! pah! pah!" And, unlike Mr. Arno, Mr. Blampied is like a slightly more cheerful Goya. Quite a few of Mr. Arno's new drawings have been seen before in the pages of the *New Yorker*: those two pairs of feet which were once "Have you done any film work before?" reappear as "But mother insisted that I be in bed by eleven." There are several new variations on "Wake up, you mutt, we're getting married to-day," and the nudist colony is still considered a cure for jokes that don't hit it off elsewhere. "I love driving at night but I once caught my foot in a rabbit hole," and "It's hardly fair, Miss Hukey, you should have told me you understood poker," are drawings which explain themselves and are pure examples of the kind of *New Yorker* irony, while pictures of bored-stiff socialites having gay evenings with agonised expressions are at least as flattering as they are cutting. Mr. Blampied is quite another kind of humorist. It is rather hard to laugh at his jokes—they are disquieting. "The proposal" is savage, and "I presume, young man, you take after your father—if not it was your mother who was not beautiful," is very ungenial. A strange obsession with dogs, geese and bottles give some pages the quality of a bad dream based on *foie gras* and hangover. Where Mr. Arno shows you how to love the policemen, drunks and capitalists who persecute you, Mr. Blampied has no suggestion but that society as it is at present is more hateful than funny. Both books are beautifully produced.

The Life and Death of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. By G. B. HARRISON. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

Mr. Harrison is a formidable authority on Elizabethan affairs, and he writes with an extensive knowledge of his period. In the preface to this work he writes: "There would therefore seem to be room for another attempt to tell again the story of the life and death of Robert Devereux." The reader will agree. For Mr. Harrison, with all the forces and resources of his erudition, has not been able to produce a lively or convincing portrait. Essex, we feel, has baffled him, as he baffled Mr. Lytton Strachey. Perhaps, in the case of a scholar like Mr. Harrison, the desire to operate conscientiously within the definite historical framework may forbid vivacity and freedom of design. Beyond any question Mr. Harrison has arranged his materials with great skill, the assembly is compact and erudite; it is the quality of realism in the portrait which, unfortunately, is lacking. Essex, like a piece on a board, is adroitly moved through a series of historical positions, every position well comprehended and well summarised, but Essex himself, as a man, remains inexplicable. Mr. Harrison tells us that Essex was angry, fell ill, took to his bed, was active and impatient, went here, went there, ordered the soldiers, and so forth, but the secret of this unhappy personality is never disclosed. There appears to be always something fretful, unstable and unsatisfied in the character of Essex, a fatal tendency towards frustration, an overtopping of ambitious designs; and this is where Mr. Harrison fails to meet our curiosity. Essex was a courtier, swayed ultimately by the common aims of such a man, but he often showed a strange obscurity of motive. His life ended in tragedy; and it is in his account of the Irish expedition and the final blunders of Essex that Mr. Harrison writes with a convincing and frequently poignant sincerity.

We regret that in our Selected List of Spring Books printed last week we attributed J. Villiers Farrow's *Damien the Leper*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, Cambridge Summer School Lectures *Man and Eternity*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the *Letters* of St. Vincent de Paul, translated and edited by Joseph Leonard, 21*s.*, to Sheed and Ward. These were published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne.



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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THIS is definitely a Beethoven month: a symphony, a quartet and a piano sonata, all extremely well performed, figure on what is known as the collector's list. The symphony is the *2nd in D*, given by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Col. LX586–9). This delectable work holds something of the same position among the composer's early works as the 8th Symphony holds among the late, that is to say it is in the nature of a light and charming interlude. Sir Thomas brings out these qualities; the opening *allegro* really is taken with *brio*, and the lovely *Larghetto* (which again reminds one of the *allegretto* of No. 8) is not dragged. The *String Quartet in E b op.* 127 is an altogether more serious proposition. Though in no way inferior to the *Quartet in B b op.* 130, it has been to some extent elbowed out of the public esteem by the Cavatina in the latter work. Personally I would give even higher marks to the slow movement of the present work, a very complicated and ravishingly beautiful nocturne; while the Scherzo has a fantastic humour and a trochaic rhythm that recalls the *Kreisleriana* of Schumann. The Busch Quartet, which is the Joachim Quartet of our day, gives a really wonderful performance (H.M.V. NB3044–8), especially remarkable for sheer power and *sostenuto*. This set should on no account be missed. I wish the same ensemble would give us a recording of the *Second Rasoumovsky Quartet*—a re-recording of which is overdue. The *Sonata in A b, op.* 110 (wrongly described on the label as being in "A major") is a a most curious and enigmatic work, and it provides Wilhelm Kempff with the best Beethoven performance we have yet had from him (Decca X151–3). I found his playing of the Scherzo rather too deliberate: it should surely go headlong—a rush in the open air, after the indoor meditation of the first movement; and perhaps the interpretation of the whole sonata errs on the side of over-delicacy. But it is pleasing and sensitive. The 6th side contains the same composer's exquisite little *Variation*

When you've earned a rest

beer is best

181

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A REALIST LOOKS AT LONDON

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on a Theme by Von Paisiella. Bach's *Concerto in C for 2 Pianos* is almost, if not quite, the equal of the famous *Double Violin Concerto*. This recording is made by Arthur and Karl Ulrich Schnabel, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult (H.M.V. DB3041–3), and it is interesting to compare the general style of the work with that of the Mozart *Double Concerto* which the same pianists gave us a month or two ago. Their playing is again perfectly adroit and dovetailed, and the accompaniment is discreet. I feel the *Largo* is a trifle dragged: one dislikes being kept waiting for one's notes. The Boyd Neel String Orchestra has now completed the series of Handel's *Concerti Grossi, op.* 6, the first three of which it recorded not long ago. Here are *Nos.* 4–6 (Decca X125–131). I have nothing to add to what I then said as to the excellence of the performance and recording of these enchanting works. To those who cannot afford the whole set, I suggest *Concerto No.* 5 as being the most generally attractive of the three (note the extraordinary subject of the first movement). The Musette which concludes No. 6 is also of great spaciousness and beauty. The *Overture* to Rossini's *Semiramide* admirably illustrates the quality of Italian, as opposed to German, dramatic music (which is perhaps the same as the difference between the Italian and the German soldier). I wish we could hear the whole of this once popular *opera seria* again, (Grove informs me that the first performance in England was in 1824.) The overture is a thrilling piece of theatrical music and the performance, by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (H.M.V. DB3079–80), is thoroughly seizing. The *ppp* are as exciting as the *fff*, and those repeated notes in the famous tune are deprived of silliness by the extreme nervousness with which they are played.

Caruso's recording of Franck's *La Procession* and *Prête-moi ton aide* from Gounod's *Reine de Saba* (H.M.V. DB3078), is a miraculous piece of reconstruction—the best I have yet heard. The Gounod aria is unfortunately most uninteresting. Another expedition to Grove reveals that the libretto of this nasty opera is by Gérard de Nerval (!) but the label on the record says Carré and Barbier, which seems more likely. Perhaps both are true. The Franck is a fine song, but unsuited to the timbre of Caruso's voice. It was a most happy inspiration of Elizabeth Schumann to give us Schubert's *Des Fischers Liebesglück,* which is not nearly as well known as it deserves to be. Her rendering of it is, as one has learnt to expect, perfect. The obverse contains *Der Musensohn.* Richard Tauber, with orchestra, lets loose some "numbers" from *Pagliacci* (the Prologue, "On with the Motley," 'Such a Game," "Sleep Song," and the Serenade (Parl.: RO20329–31). I have not heard Gigli in the rôle, but otherwise I suppose Herr Tauber fills it better than any tenor since Caruso, whose interpretation he follows in these records.

It is difficult to know what to say about dance records this month: frankly I have received none to which I should care to give higher marks than $\beta-$, as far as tune is concerned. The music of Cochran's new revue, *Home and Beauty*, seems to me particularly hopeless. When this has been said, I must add that Peter Yorke and band make the most of a bad job in *A Nice Cup of Tea* and *Love me To-day* (H.M.V. BD5179), and Carroll Gibbons, with the Savoy Orpheans, gives a more pleasing account of *No More* (Col. FB1628) than Gitta Alpar herself, whose voice appears to record badly (Parl. RO20332). *Gone*, by Val Rosing and His Swing Stars (Col. FB1637), is not too bad, and *I'm just Beginning to Care*, played with all the Savoy Orpheans' ability (Col. FB1635), is rather better. *Harbour Lights* (Roy Fox and band, H.M.V. BD5172) is a pleasantly dreamy, to-be-played-at-twilight sort of tune; while, amid this welter of consumptive airs, *The Changing of the Guard* (on the obverse) is at least crisp and amusing.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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Week-end Competitions

No. 366

Set by Maurice Richardson

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Isadora Duncan	Dean Inge
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Dr. Buchman	Stalin

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Thursday, March 25th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 364

Set by T. W. Earp

Lately a witness speaking of "the flu" was reproved by a magistrate, while a judge did not know the meaning of "sez you." The usual prizes are offered for the best expression of ignorance, rebuke or mistranslation from the bench of a colloquialism, tendered in evidence. The limit should be 150 words.

Report by T. W. Earp

Many of this week's competitors donned the ermine in too serious a spirit. Thus S. W. Green, on the theme "As solemn as a judge," delivered an eloquent defence of judicial dignity. Michael Warwick, A. M. O. S. and E. H. Bedwell, embroidering respectively on "I think the guy's nuts," "He cocked snooks at me" and "Boloney," strayed from the particular into weighty invective against slang in general. E. H. Bedwell quite admirably enunciated "Boloney, indeed! Deceit, even, hardly merits such distasteful metamorphosis!" But something nearer travesty was required. Frank Adams, though he

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MERCURY. Ascent of F.6. Fri., Sat.

PALACE. On Your Toes. Wed. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. Retreat From Folly. Wed., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Tues., Fri.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SAVOY. The Road to Rome. Fri. Sat. & Eas. M.

STRAND. The Squeaker. Wed. & Sat. & Eas. M.

WESTMINSTER. Heartbreak House. W., S.

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Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.
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RETREAT FROM FOLLY

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.
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by Rex Judd.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., SATS., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
LADDIE CLIFF. Extra Mat. EASTER MONDAY.

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Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
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Evgs., 7.30. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
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DANCE

F.P.S.I. DANCE on Friday, April 2nd, at Royal Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Admission by ticket purchased before March 30th, members 2s. 6d., non-members 3s., from SECRETARY, F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1, or at door: members 3s., non-members 3s. 6d.

PERSONAL

WANTED: Someone not too conventional but definitely NOT Bohemian, with some education, some religion and some energy who would like to live permanently for 3 *guineas* a week with journalist's middle-aged widow in comfortable light, large-roomed, well-furnished house in real country, near Farnham, Surrey. Telephone, garden, garage, stable, paddock. Glad of dog and/or car, but unable drive herself. Would be a shared *home*. Might well suit vegetarian. Box 650, S.N. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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ended weakly, started well with a good poise between judicial humour and incomprehension:

Mr. Walter Murek: "But mum's the word, my lord."

Mr. Justice Skimp: "Would learned counsel repeat that last remark? Indeed? I am not acquainted with the expression. Is it, may I enquire, learned counsel's personal method of introducing a reference to the defendant's mother? Or is it some abbreviated Latin genitive plural, which has hitherto escaped my notice, as for instance, *Mes Mum?* (laughter). On the other hand, am I to suppose learned counsel wishes to bring to my attention the proper name of Mapledurham, which in some circles is given the pronunciation Mum?" (loud laughter).

Competitors who did not realise that inventive art and not historical record was requested, have at least chronicled the fact that Lord Darling once expressed judicial ignorance of George Robey, and that a magistrate at Slough failed to comprehend that a motor-bicycle might be an old bus. Incidentally, can the competitors be specially prone to human vanities? It is astonishing how many exalted themselves to the judge's bench, how few assumed the humbler guise of the beak. Or was this done because the judge is more prone to absurdity than the J.P.? At any rate, the legal luminary was especially obfuscated in the matters of "the cat's pyjamas," "the raspberry" and "sugar-daddy," but the prizes go to L. V. Upward and I. Drazin, whose fantasies, in both senses, carry conviction.

FIRST PRIZE

"One moment, please! I would remind you that this is a case of common assault. Much of your evidence, therefore, appears to me to be irrelevant. You have just said, for instance, unless my ears deceived me, 'Accused then give me a sock, and I went down for the count.' Now I fail to perceive why the presentation of hosiery by the accused should cause you either annoyance or inconvenience, nor do I understand why it should impel you to go upon an errand (the purpose of which you have failed to specify) to a foreign nobleman, who is not, I gather, in court." L. V. UPWARD

SECOND PRIZE

"I intensely dislike the expression 'O.K.' It is a meaningless slang term and shows disrespect to the Court. It is not even a British colloquialism, but is imported from a country where King's English is rapidly ceasing to exist. If witness wished to give an affirmative reply, it would have been quite simple to use the plain English word 'Yes,' the meaning of which is free from ambiguity. The expression used does not even possess the solitary merit of brevity usually associated with slang. You were using two syllables when only one would have been sufficient. Furthermore, I seem to associate the term with advertising. I am determined not to permit any covert attempt to use a British Court of Justice as a free advertising arena. Let me not hear that offending expression in this Court again." I. DRAZIN

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 220.—LITTLE AUDREY'S TEA-PARTY

By A. G. Stripp.

Little Audrey laughed and laughed and laughed. Her birthday tea-party was such fun. She and her six little friends sat round the circular table in places numbered consecutively from 1 to 7, and very pretty they all looked, for the colours of the dresses of the seven girls were all different.

As it happened, the numbers of the three places occupied by the girl in blue, Connie, and the girl in yellow, in that order, formed a 3-figured number which is an exact square; the numbers of the three places occupied by the girl in white, Eileen, and the girl in red, in that order, also formed a 3-figured number which is an exact square; and the numbers of the three places occupied by the girl in orange, the girl in green, and Frances, in that order, formed a 3-figured number which is an exact cube.

Doris sat between Audrey and Gracie; and the coefficient of hilarity of the party was an exact whole number.

(Note for those unskilled in the higher mathematics: the coefficient of hilarity of a girls' tea-party is obtained by multiplying the number of each girl's place at the table by the number indicating the position of her initial in the alphabet, adding the results, and dividing the total by the number of girls at the party.)

What colour was Beryl wearing, what was the name of the girl in violet, and what was the coefficient of hilarity of the party?

PROBLEM 218.—NOPIL

By S. T. Shovelton.

1. Denote the competitors by letters as follows:—

A, Chin-Hi; B, Szu; C, Li-Lo; D, Pin-Hi; E, Sze; F, Pak-Up G, Su-ch'wan and H the Unknown.

2. Then the games in the successive rounds are as follows:—

$\underline{BA}$	GC	FD	EH
$\underline{AC}$	BD	GE	FH
$\underline{CD}$	BF	AE	GH
$\underline{DE}$	FC	AG	BH
$\underline{EF}$	$\underline{BC}$	DG	AH
$\underline{FG}$	BE	AD	CH
$\underline{GB}$	$\underline{AF}$	CE	DH

The given games are underlined. Rounds 4 and 6 are then completed. Next find the appropriate rounds for the remaining competitors of B, and complete these rounds, 2, 4, 6. This leaves GC and AF for rounds 1 and 7 and these rounds can be completed.

3. The points scored by F must have been 0, 1, 2 . . . 6 or 1, 2, 3 . . . 7 but the former is ruled out as there is already a score of 6 in the last round (CE). He must have lost at least six points in the first six rounds and cannot have lost more than seven so that he must have won the last round by 7 to 0 or 7 to 1. If the former then the differences between the scores of F and his competitors are one each in five of the first six rounds and two in the other. Thus the score in the match FH must have been 2-3 or 2-4, but the latter is impossible as it is known that the result of the match DB was 4-1, and there cannot be two scores of 4 in the same round. If the score in the last match was 7-1, then the second round score must have been 2-3. Hence Pak-Up lost his match to the Unknown by 2-3.

4. The remaining scores in the second round must have been 0, 5; 6, 7 or 0, 6; 5, 7 or 0, 7; 5, 6. Now if the score in the last round is 7 to 1 the score in the fifth round must have been 5, 6. The score in the sixth round must have been 6, 7 whether the score in the last round was 7 to 1 or 7 to 0. Hence the only possible scores in the second round are 0, 6 and 5, 7.

Therefore Sze must have won his match against Su-ch'wan by 7 to 5.

PROBLEM 217.—THE SIX DINERS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: N. J. Brewer, 76 Harnham Road, Salisbury.

Four points are awarded.

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Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

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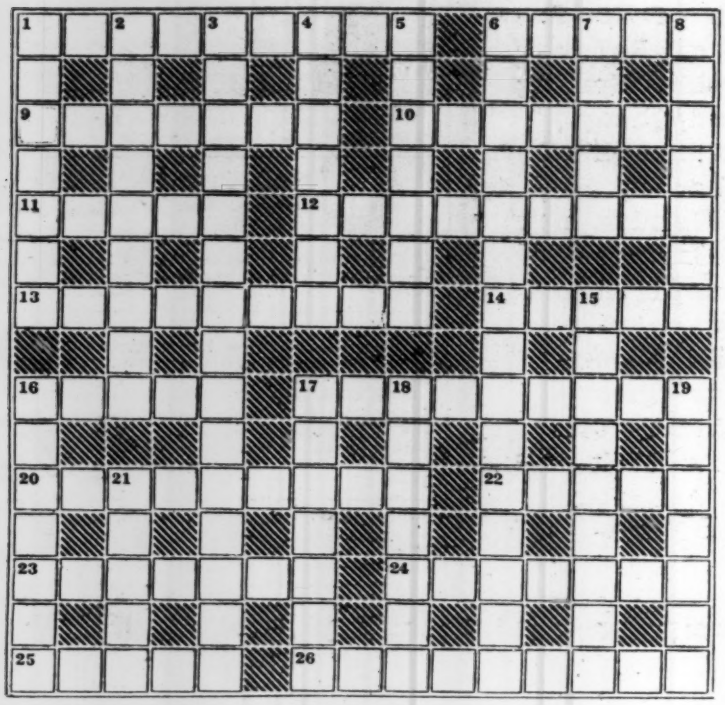

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ACROSS.

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6. "The cuckoo then, on every tree, —— married men."
9. Recurrent belated state of a cricket match.
10. Film star who takes rich food.
11. They have womanly tendencies.
12. All but seamen and airmen have jobs in this category of course.
13. It would be a relief to such people to have a good breather.
14. Money for the aristocracy.
16. When it is spilt you might have cried.
17. Gorge-ous times in the Church Calendar.
20. Suitable parade for All Fools' Day.
22. How the siren could be got up.
23. When this is too much for you, ask for some porter.
24. South Africa goes into a most unrefined campaign.
25. Subject of the ego?
26. Usual outcome of going shopping.

DOWN.

1. See 6 down.
2. Supercharged with local taxation.
3. Wild like the instant puss.
4. The saint has to eke out with me it seems.
5. Nice rum makes one so.
6 & 1 down. This song does not commemorate a military campaign in South Russia.
7. I believe one can see colour in the company.
8. Spot the police constable with the leeks.
15. Firemen's headgear for the staff.
16. One needs a ship of the desert to get back to this place.
17. Underhand way to prepare a picture for hanging.
18. It goes without saying that it's engine turned of course.
19. They can't take their part without being vocal.
21. Elephantine scoundrel.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	O	P	P	E	R	P	L	A	T	E	■	K	■	K
A	■	U	■	N	■	A	■	L	■	A	L	I	E	N
L	O	S	T	C	A	U	S	E	■	C	■	N	■	E
L	■	S	■	O	■	L	■	C	H	A	G	U	E	
S	T	I	R	R	U	P	■	O	D	O	■	O	■	S
■	■	N	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	N	■	F	■	B
C	A	T	E	S	B	Y	■	T	H	E	A	T	R	E
O	■	H	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	H	■	N		
C	H	E	E	P	E	D	■	W	E	S	T	E	N	D
K	■	C	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	Y	■	C	■	■
E	■	O	■	R	I	P	■	L	A	S	T	A	C	T
D	U	R	S	T	■	L	■	L	■	T	■	S	■	R
H	■	N	■	U	■	O	R	C	H	E	S	T	R	A
A	M	E	E	R	■	M	■	U	■	M	■	L	■	M
T	■	R	■	B	E	A	U	T	Y	S	L	E	E	P

GOLDEN MOMENTS

The Grand National

Leading by a length at the last jump he romps home a splendid winner over the most gruelling course in the world—a Golden Moment for the jockey.

But even he, great rider that he must be, can't smoke a better tobacco than "Cut Golden Bar" at a shilling an ounce. But it *must* be Wills's.

2 oz. vacuum tin

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and 1 oz. Airtight Tins
FLAKE FORM
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and 1 oz. Packets

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THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

Points from the Speech of

SIR EDGAR HORNE, Bart.

Chairman of the Company, at the 88th Annual General Meeting held at Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1, 11th March, 1937.

Record Figures for 1936

ASSETS over £315,000,000.

NEW BUSINESS in Ordinary Branch exceeds £30,760,000.

EXPENSE RATIO in Industrial Branch again reduced and now at 22.8 per cent.

A Year's Work

PROGRESS IN THE EMPIRE. For life assurance business the Prudential is now well established in all the principal parts of the Empire. Overseas new business for 1936 over **£8,000,000.**

NEW BUSINESS. In the Ordinary Branch the new sums assured were **£30,760,000,** a record.

WAGE EARNERS' ASSURANCE. In the Industrial Branch the amount paid in claims by death and maturity of endowments was **£8,700,000.** Bonus additions to claims and surrenders amounted to over **£1,900,000.** The total working costs were reduced to **22.8** per cent., the lowest on record.

POLICYHOLDERS' BONUSES. The rates of reversionary bonus are : Ordinary Branch **£2.6.0** per cent. for Whole Life, **£2** per cent. for Endowment Assurances, and Industrial Branch **£1.12.0** per cent.

PROVISION AGAINST ACCIDENTS. With the increase in road and other accidents, it is more and more apparent that the public should protect themselves by accident insurance.

COVER FOR FIRE RISKS. Experience shows that the business community does not sufficiently recognise that the loss of profits due to fire can to a great extent be covered by insurance.

BRITISH ASSETS. Over **81** per cent. of the assets are invested in the United Kingdom. Five years ago the corresponding figure was **68.1** per cent. Only **9.3** per cent. of the present assets are invested outside the Empire.

Total Income Exceeds £1,000,000 A WEEK

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BRITISH SUGAR CORPORATION—THE RUBBER BOOM—ELECTRICITY SUPPLY SHARES

TOREADOR once described the British Sugar Corporation as a "bastard public board—the dreadful offspring of unholy union between State and private interests." This showed how highly he regarded the Corporation's shares. This public board acquired the goodwill and assets of fifteen beet-sugar companies. Its business is to buy the crops of the sugar beet growers at a price fixed for the season, to convert the beet into raw sugar at its factories and then to sell the raw sugar to Tate and Lyle and other sugar refiners. The Treasury subsidises the Corporation by paying it a "reasonable rate of return" on its capital (fixed at 4 per cent. to begin with) and allowing it to retain a proportion of the economies resulting from the amalgamation. The Sugar Tribunal estimated that these economies, over a period of ten years, would permit an average additional dividend to be paid of 1½ per cent. per annum. So beginning with a dividend of 4 per cent. for the year ending March 1937, the shareholders may see a total return of 4½ per cent. for 1937-38, 5 per cent. for 1938-39, and 5½ per cent. for 1939-40. Clearly the shares provide an excellent hedge against dearer money. The basic return of 4 per cent. was fixed by the Treasury having regard to the then prevailing rates of interest. If the gilt-edged market were to settle down on a 3½ per cent. yield basis, the Treasury would feel bound (in honour, not in law) to raise the basic return to 4½ per cent. Incidentally, as the price of raw sugar rises, the Corporation's margin over the fixed price paid to the beet-sugar growers will increase, so that the Treasury payments making up its 4 per cent. return will necessarily be reduced. This is just mentioned to show that the Treasury would have no cause for resisting an increase in the basic return if money conditions warranted it. The economies, which will allow the payment of additional dividends up to a maximum (total) payment of 7 per cent. on the share capital, are, we understand, assured. We therefore regard British Sugar Corporation £1 shares at 20s. as an attractive, if hybrid, investment, especially as an exchange from lower-yielding gilt-edged stocks of the fixed interest class.

TRUST *of* BANK & INSURANCE SHARES offers a most convenient method of securing an investment spread over the stocks and shares of 52 leading British banks and insurance companies. The holder of Bank-Insurance Units is free from personal liability in respect of uncalled capital.

Full particulars may be obtained and Units may be bought or sold through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is from 3¾% to 4%.

Price of Units, 16th March . . . 21s. 3d.

TRUST *of* BANK & INSURANCE SHARES

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MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LIMITED
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED

30 Cornhill, London, E.C.3

Mansion House 5467

MeN 992

The standard quota for rubber producers has been raised by the International Regulation Committee from 85 per cent. to 90 per cent. for the second half of 1937, as compared with an average of 77½ per cent. for the first half. This did not prevent the spot price of rubber rising above 1s. per lb. this week. As with tin restriction, so with rubber—raising the quota does not necessarily bring supplies on the market. Apart from the time-lag between ordering an increase in output and securing it, there are difficulties in getting the skilled labour, particularly in Malaya. It is believed that a quota of 85 per cent. virtually represents full working capacity for the greater part of the Malayan industry. Now last year, for the first time for many years, the world consumed more rubber than was produced—the figures being 1,020,000 tons for consumption and 856,000 tons for production. World stocks fell at the end of December last below the level of 5 months' supply. On the basis of the quotas allowed for the twelve months of 1937 world shipments might rise to 1,150,000 tons. Even so, in the opinion of Messrs. Charles Hope, the well-known firm of rubber brokers, production could not be maintained at this level for any length of time having regard to the large area of old, wounded and badly planted trees on European estates and the still larger area of neglected, close-planted trees on native estates in the Dutch East Indies. The increase in consumption over the past sixteen years has *averaged* 8½ per cent. per annum, so that in the next year or two, if world trade recovery continues, the annual rate of increase might be 10 per cent. or more. All this points to dearer rubber. The seven lean years for rubber producers have passed.

* * *

The rubber share market has moved naturally from slump to boom. Costs have been reduced so substantially that a price of only 9*d*. per lb. would represent a profit of 100 per cent. for the majority of producers. The following table shows how rubber prices have fluctuated since 1927.

Year.	Average Sterling Price per lb.	Year.	Average Sterling Price per lb.
1927	1/6½	1932	2½d.
1928	11d.	1933	3½d.
1929	10½d.	1934	6½d.
1930	6d.	1935	6d.
1931	3d.	1936	7¾d.

The next table shows the estimated earnings with rubber at 9*d*. and at 1*s*. per lb. for a select number of companies:

	Price end 1936.	Present Price.	Latest Costs Pence per lb.	Latest Div. %	Total % Profits (a) with 85% Quota and Rubber at 9d.	Ditto, (b) with Rubber at 1 –.	Estimated Earnings yield per cent. on (*a*).	on (*b*).
Broome 2/–	4/6	5/6	4.3	8.3	22.9	39.0	8.3	14.2
Cicely 2/–	5/–	6/4½	4.2	6.0	26.6	43.1	8.3	13.5
Duff Development 5/–	15/6	18/6	4.4	10.0	25.5	38.8	6.3	10.5
Kepong 2/–	4/6	5/6	4.4	4.0	22.4	37.2	8.1	13.5
Seafield £1	31/3	39/3	4.7	4.0	11.7	19.9	6.0	10.1
Selangor River £1 ...	21/3	29/3	4.3	nil	8.8	14.4	6.0	9.8

These companies are not leaders in the rubber share market, but they have been chosen for their sound financial position, their low capitalisation per planted area, their progressive managements, and for their prospects of increasing output over the next few years as immature areas come into production. Duff Development, for example, is rapidly increasing its output, which is natural seeing that only about half its acreage consists of old rubber. Seafield also has a new estate of budded rubber which is about to come into production. The estimated earnings of both these companies will be much higher on the basis of ultimate capacity.

* * *

The announcement that the Government intends to implement the main proposals of the McGowan Report caused a setback in the ordinary shares of electricity supply companies, but the market has since recovered its composure, partly because the industry as a whole appears to welcome Government proposals for compulsory amalgamation. Many shares may still be considered attractive by those investors who are not violently bearish of the long-term money rate. All the following shares seem cheap in comparison with long-term Government securities. Electricity supply shares are not a hedge against a rise in the rate of interest, but we see nothing for the good companies to be afraid of in any governmental proposals for grouping the industry in larger units:

Company.	Present Price.	1936 Div. %	1936 Earnings %	Yield on Div.	Yield on Earnings.
Midland Counties .	39/–	8	11.2	£4 2 0	£5 14 0
North Metropolitan	49/6	10	12.1	£4 1 0	£4 18 0

County of London	49/6	10½	12.4	£4	5	0	£5	0	0
Metropolitan ..	48/6	10*	13.6	£4	3	0	£5	12	0
North Eastern ..	34/–	7	7.1	£4	2	0	£4	4	0
Lancashire ..	36/–	7½	7.9	£4	3	0	£4	8	0
Scottish Power ..	37/6	8	—	£4	6	0		—	
Clyde Valley ..	42/–	8	—	£3	16	0		—	

* Plus special Jubilee bonus of 2½% net = 3.28% gross.

Midland Counties is an old friend of ours. For the second year in succession it has increased its dividend by ½ per cent. and still has brought into revenue nothing from its transport interests. An issue of £1,000,000 4¼ per cent. preference shares at 20*s.* 6*d.* has just been announced. Under present conditions an issue in the form of preference shares is more advantageous to ordinary shareholders in the long run than an issue of ordinary shares on bonus terms. We would not be surprised to see another increase in dividend a year hence. North Metropolitan is perhaps the safest stock in the electrical market. People living in its area generally do not complain about their electricity bills. No increase in the dividend is likely but issues on bonus terms come along from time to time and we may expect the next one, say, early in 1938. County of London is in many ways a dull stock, especially as a large proportion of its area comes within the scope of the London Electricity Acts. An interesting point is that its sales to the Central Electricity Board are nearly as large as the sales to the company's own consumers. The latest (1936) report of the Metropolitan Electric was extraordinarily good, and the special additional bonus of 2½ per cent. net was paid out of earnings of the year, but shareholders should not expect as a rule more than the 10 per cent. paid for many years. Ordinary shares are now to be issued on bonus terms. Despite its name the company derives the greater part of its revenue outside the scope of the London Electricity Acts. We like this stock. North Eastern Electric raised its dividend from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent., despite some disturbance caused by the change over to 50 cycle frequency. In view of the activity on the North-East Coast this company should do well in 1937, and as long as the rearmament boom lasts, but it is not a share to keep for ever. Lancashire Electric maintained its dividend at 7½ per cent., and in this case also an issue on bonus terms is to be expected at any early date.

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Company Meeting

EQUITY & LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

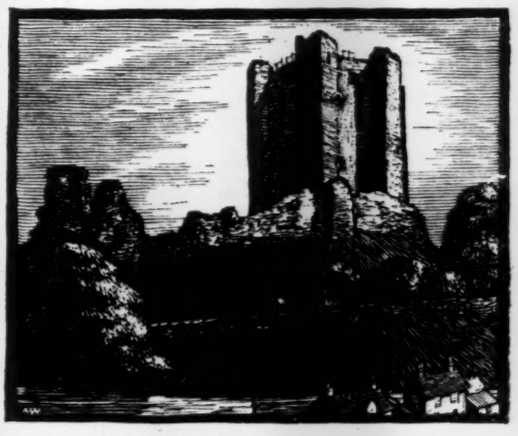
RECORD FIGURES

THE Annual General Meeting of the Equity and Law Life Assurance Society was held on March 16th in London.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Dennis Herbert, K.B.E., M.P. (the chairman), said (in part) that the net new life business amounted to £4,658,909, against £3,931,322, and that the total net new life and sinking fund business was £9,453,163, against £4,928,334. The number of immediate annuities granted was 1,855, against 1,761, for annual sums amounting to £208,046, against £200,833, the consideration received being £2,510,226, against £2,398,634. The total amount of assurances in force at the end of the year was £34,907,760, against £27,585,957, and immediate annuities in force were £817,785 per annum, against £628,950 per annum. All those figures showed increases on the preceding year, and all of them were record figures in the Society's history.

The total funds at the end of 1936 amounted to £24,935,078, against £20,977,583, and the net rate of interest earned was £4 8*s.* 6*d.*, against £4 7*s.* for the previous year. The high income yield for last year did not mean that their money was invested to produce that yield on the amount invested. The figure of net income yield was increased above the actual average rate of income on their investments by reason of several factors, the chief being that it was the income yield on the book value of their funds, which was much below the intrinsic or market value. It was by reason of their cautious policy of applying certain profits to reducing the book value of their investments that they were able to face the prospect of a decline in the income yield of money without having to fear a failure to maintain good rates of bonus. The important point was that the great success of the Society's business in recent years, combined with good management and conservative distributions, had enabled them to build up a very strong financial position.

As regarded expansion of business, they still believed that they were adopting a right policy in confining themselves to life business and such ancillary business as could be satisfactorily carried on in connection therewith, such as the undertaking of trustee business, and not embarking on such branches as fire and accident insurance. Within such limits they tried their best to meet the requirements of those who did business with them. The report was adopted.



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50 FOR 3/3

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SCHOOLS—continued

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Ackworth School, nr. Pontefract	199 :	9–18 :	£110
Bootham School, York	145 :	12–19 :	£165
Leighton Park School, Reading...	150 :	12–19 :	£189

GIRLS' SECONDARY BOARDING SCHOOLS.

Ackworth School, nr. Pontefract	172 :	9–18 :	£110
The Mount School, York ...	118 :	13–19 :	£153

CO-EDUCATIONAL SECONDARY BOARDING SCHOOLS.

Friends' School, Great Ayton, Yorks	150 :	9–17 :	£81
Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex	202 :	10–18 :	£99
Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex (Junior)	28 :	7–10 :	£99
Sidcot School, Winscombe, Somerset	150 :	10–18 :	£123
Friends' School, Wigton, Cumb.	104 :	7–17 :	£82 15.

CO-EDUCATIONAL "MODERN" BOARDING SCHOOL.

Friends' School, Sibford, nr. Banbury	158 :	10–17 :	£81

Apply to School, or to Secretary, Friends Education Council, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

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About eight Scholarships are offered varying from £100 to £60 p.a., and two of the fixed value of £80 p.a.
Ministerial Exhibitions of the value of £100 p.a. are also offered for the sons of Ministers. Candidates who do not win Scholarships may be accepted for admission to the School without further examination, provided that their work is of sufficient merit.
For further information and application forms, apply to the BURSAR, Mill Hill School, London, N.W.7.
* A boy may, on the recommendation of his Headmaster, be excused the Preliminary Examination if the date of this clashes with any other Examination.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, March 21st, at 11, DR. STANTON COIT: "G. K. CHESTERTON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: HIS RIDICULE OF ETHICAL SOCIETIES." 6.30, MRS. VIRGINIA FLEMMING: "THE APPLICATION OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES TO SOCIAL PROBLEMS."

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, March 21st, at 11 a.m.: S. K. RATCLIFFE: "ENGLAND AND AMERICA—NOW." 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

AEOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, Theistic Church Service. Sunday, 11: REV. ST. VINCENT ARMSTRONG, B.A. Subject: "POPULARITY."

LECTURE/SOCIAL every Monday at 8. March 22nd: "HOLIDAYS ABROAD: SOME NEW IDEAS," by J. L. DIXON. Youth House Club, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. GUL 5189.

A. H. ROBERTSON will speak on "WAR AND PEACE" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday, March 23rd, at 7 p.m. Admission Free.

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS, 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. Public lecture, Sunday, 8 p.m. "A GREAT THEOSOPHIST. W. Q. JUDGE. All welcome. Free.

MUST WE FIGHT HITLER'S GERMANY? Lecture by G. CLIFFORD (S.P.G.B.), Sun., 7.30. 39 Doughty Street, W.C.

DEBATE ON SUBJECT PEOPLES. G. Padmore v. E. Hardy (S.P.G.B.), Monday, 8.30. 39 Doughty Street, W.C.

"ECONOMIC PROBLEMS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE." Lecture by H. V. HODSON, in Essex Hall, Strand. Monday, March 22nd, at 6.15 p.m. 1s. National Peace Council, 39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

F.P.S.I. Public Lecture. PROF. P. S. M. BLACKETT on "CAN THE NEXT EUROPEAN WAR BE PREVENTED?" Chairman: Barbara Wootton, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Wednesday, March 24th, at 8 p.m. Tickets: Members, 6d.; Non-members, 1s., from FEDERATION OF PROGRESSIVE SOCIETIES, 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1 (MUS 6975) or at door.

CONFERENCE

F.P.S.I.

F.P.S.I. Easter Conference at Stratton Park, near Micheldever, Hants, from dinner (7.30 p.m.) 25th March to breakfast 30th March.

Programme.

Friday, 11 a.m.: D. N. PRITT on "THE PRISON SYSTEM IN ENGLAND AND THE U.S.S.R." 8 p.m.: FRANK HARDIE on "PROGRESS AND THE CONSTITUTION."

Saturday, 11 a.m.: MRS. M. SARAN on "THE POPULAR FRONT IN FRANCE—DOES IT WORK—WILL IT SURVIVE?" 8 p.m.: DR. W. A. BREND on "THE FALL IN THE BIRTH-RATE. IS IT TO BE DEPLORED. WHAT IS THE REAL CAUSE?"

Sunday, 11 a.m.: C. E. M. JOAD on "REARMAMENT." 5 p.m.: Federation Policy—C. E. M. JOAD in the Chair.

Monday, 11 a.m.: J. KATZ on "THE BANKRUPTCY OF THE INTELLECTUALS." 5 p.m.: Work of F.P.S.I. Groups—A. A. BURALL in the Chair.

Inclusive Fees: Members 50s., non-members 52s. 6d. Shorter Periods: 12s. per day members, 12s. 6d. non-members. Please remit full fee to Hon. Sec., Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals, 4, Fitzroy Street, W.1. 'Phone: Museum 6975.

Early application necessary to avoid disappointment.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

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PUBLIC HEALTH EDUCATION.
FEMALE ORGANISING LECTURER.

The Lancashire County Council invite applications for the post of female Organising Lecturer under the Public Health Education Scheme, at a salary commencing at £350 per annum rising by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £400 per annum with subsistence and travelling allowances in accordance with the County scale.

The successful candidate will be required to organise lectures in the Administrative County Area on Social, Personal, and Mental Hygiene, and be capable of addressing gatherings of mixed adult audiences, and such associations as Women's Institutes, Social Service and Unemployment Centres, Child Welfare Centres, Health Visitors, Nursing Associations, Midwives, School Children and Teachers, etc., and assist in the organisation of local Health Weeks.

The successful applicant will be under the direction of the County Medical Officer of Health.

The appointment will be subject to the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applicants must not exceed 40 years of age.

Forms of application may be obtained from the County Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, County Offices, Preston, and must be returned to him duly completed on or before 5th day of April, 1937.

GEORGE ETHERTON,
Clerk of the County Council.

County Offices, Preston.
March, 1937.

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APPOINTMENTS—continued

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

Department of English Literature.

The Council invites applications for the Andrew Cecil Bradley Lectureship in English Literature, at a salary of £525 per annum. The appointment dates from 1st October, 1937.

Further details regarding the appointment, which is subject to the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities, may be obtained from the Registrar.

Applications, accompanied by three recent testimonials, together with the names of three referees, should reach the undersigned not later than 22nd April, 1937.

March, 1937. EDWARD CAREY, Registrar.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Applications are invited for the post of Director of Extra-Mural Studies. Minimum stipend £600 per annum. Duties to commence September 29th, 1937. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent not later than April 20th, 1937.

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THE LONDON ASSOCIATION OF CERTIFIED ACCOUNTANTS.

The half-yearly PRELIMINARY, INTERMEDIATE and FINAL EXAMINATIONS will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd June next, in London, Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth, and Sheffield.

Entries should be received on, or before, the 1st April. Further particulars may be obtained from the offices of the Association at 50 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.